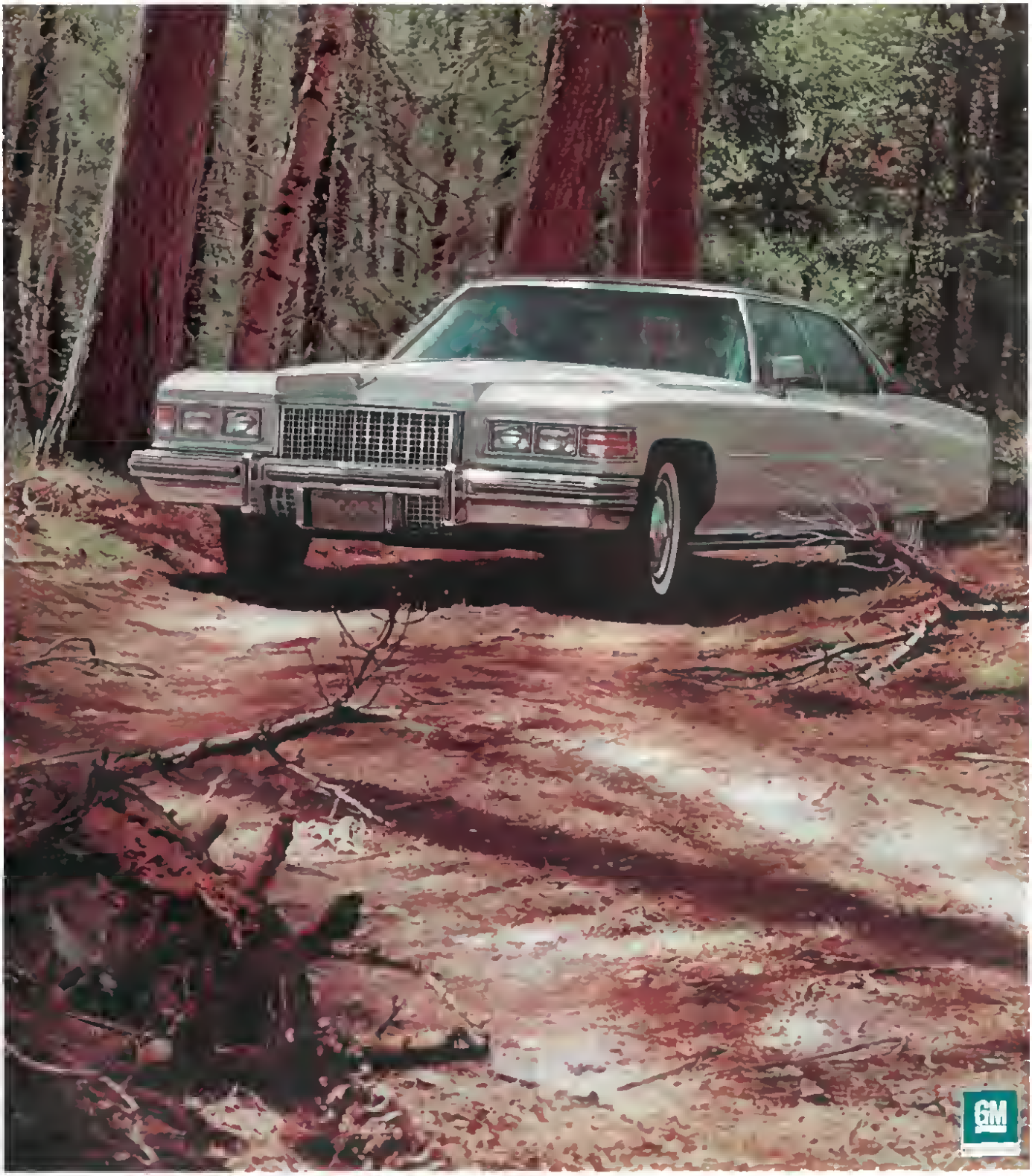
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 3, 1975 75 CENTS

A SERIES TO SHOUT ABOUT





You don't have to pamper a Cadillac.

It pampers you.

That doesn't mean Cadillac owners don't love their Cadillacs. They do. And they take good care of them—as witnessed by Cadillac resale value, consistently the highest of any U.S. luxury car make.

But a Cadillac owner knows what a Cadillac can do. So he might put it to the test. And so—in the real world—you might find a Cadillac in a situation like this.

Because a Cadillac is engineered to take life's ups and downs. And still give back comfort, luxury and enjoyment. Without pampering. You don't pamper it.

It pampers you.

THE THIRD CIGARETTE

A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO THE SMOKING DILEMMA.

If you're like most smokers, you smoke for taste. But after awhile, most good tasting cigarettes can taste pretty harsh.

So you try a low 'tar' and nicotine brand, which neatly solves the rough taste problem by giving you no taste at all.

So what's the alternative? Lark. The Third Cigarette. It's the best of both worlds.

Lark starts by giving you as much taste, as much real smoking satisfaction as any other brand.

But then, our unique filtration system takes that full rich taste and smoothes out any rough tasting edges...from your first one in the morning to your last one at night.

Tomorrow morning, try a pack of Lark for yourself.

And by tomorrow night, you'll be a Lark smoker too.

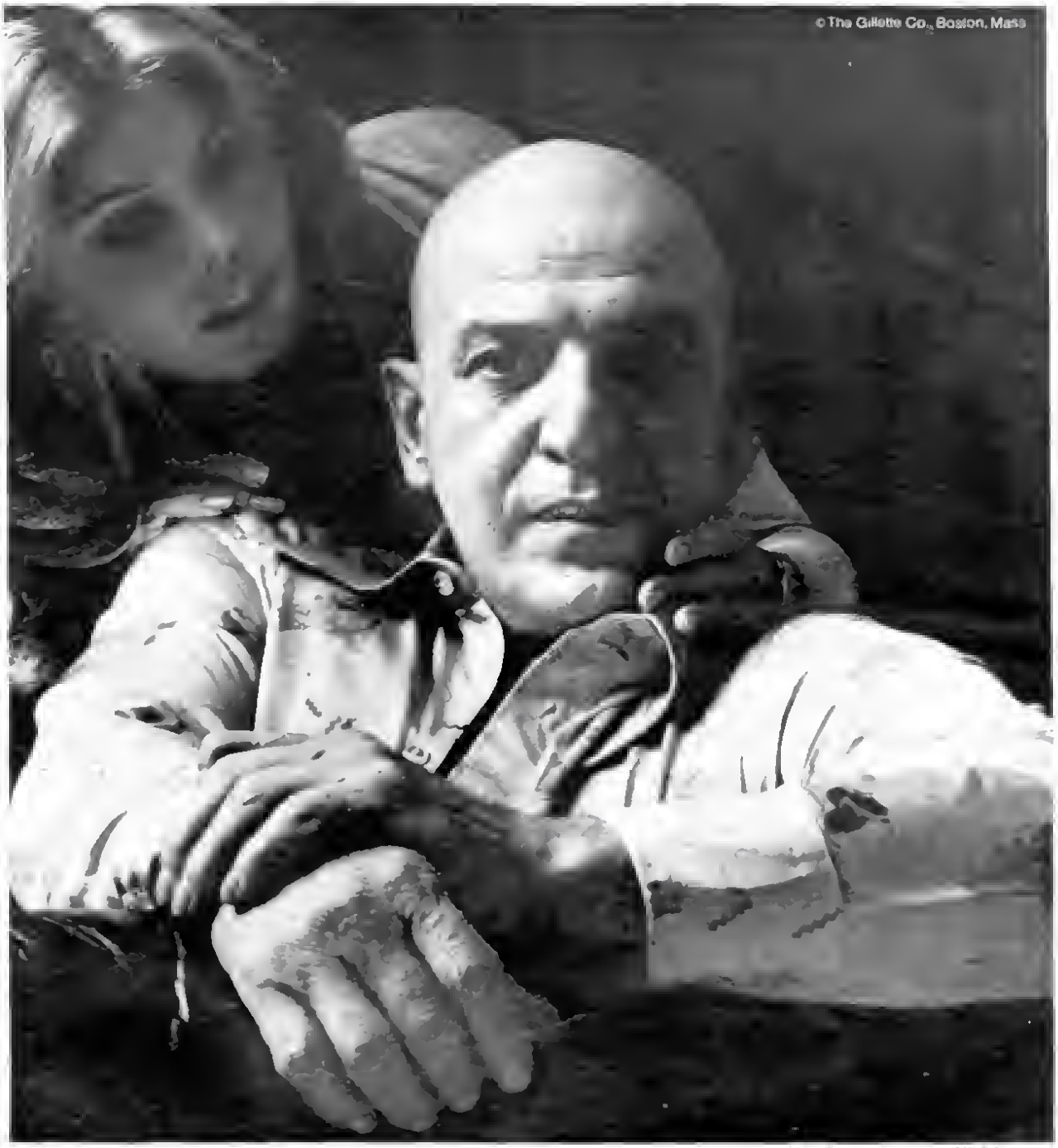


Full rich flavor that never tastes rough.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

King—17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine; Extra Long 18 mg "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine av per cigarette by FTC Method

We wouldn't harm a hair on his head.



He needs a good, close shave. But if the shave hurts, watch out. So we designed Gillette Twinjector™ twin injector blades. As safe as any single injector blade. Yet Twinjector blades shave close. And they shave smoothly and comfortably. Because

for one thing, these blades have rinse slots to reduce clogging. And they fit your present injector razor. Just beautiful.



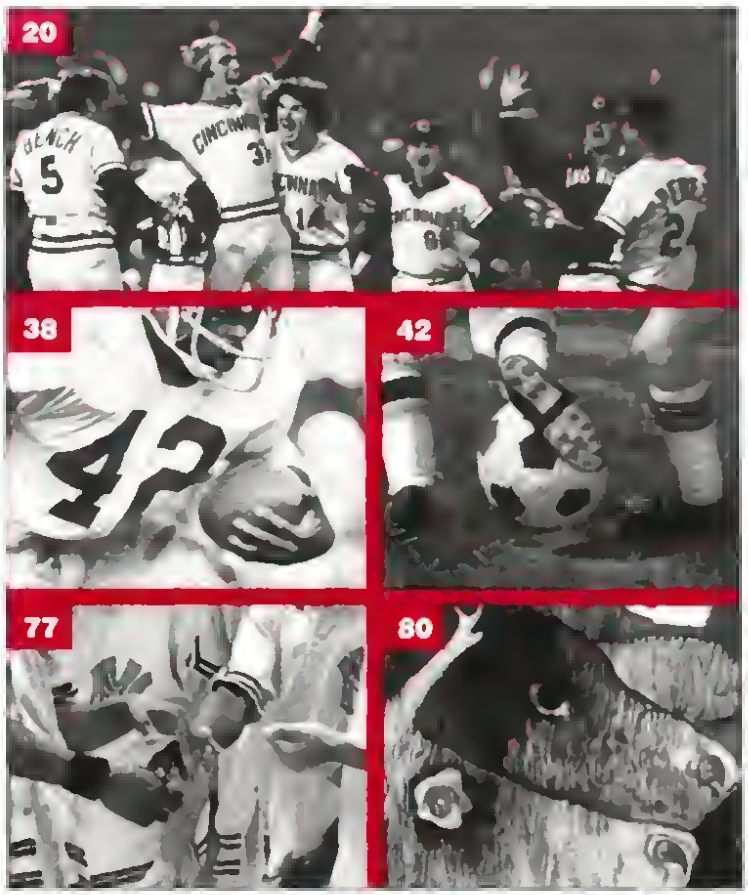
They fit your injector razor.



The Gillette Twinjector® Shave. Beautiful, baby.

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 3, 1975 *Volume 43, No 18*
Cover photograph by John Iacono



World Series 1975

20 *Ron Fimrite recounts Cincinnati's victory in a memorable seven-game struggle*

22 *That game of games, the sixth is illuminated in pictures of its stimulating moments*

28 *Spotted at a bullpen vantage point, George Plimpton presents a unique report*

38 For Whom the Bell Tolls
USC workhorse Ricky Bell carried the ball 40 times as the Trojans beat Notre Dame
by John Underwood

42 Learning an Old Game
In growing numbers, Golden State kids are getting kicks from the world's favorite sport
Photographed by Bill Eppridge

77 The Fortune Cookie Smiled
New York couldn't find Wilt, but came up with a big find instead
by Pat Putnam

80 Thickets on a Skyline
A camper at Canada's Fort Enterprise is awed as a wondrous hard goes by
by Bil Gilbert

The Departments

16 Scorecard
48 TV/Radio
53 College Football
62 Pro Football
64 Golf
68 Pan-Am Games
72 Fishing
77 Pro Basketball
89 For the Record
92 19th Hole

Credits on page 89

Next Week

HERE'S FRAN Tarkenton and the Minnesota Vikings about to face the Packers and carrying a cozy lead at the season's halfway point. Dan Jenkins is in Green Bay for the chilling fray.

THERE'S BEDLAM each summer in the Pribilofs with seals barking and roaring, but Bil Gilbert finds the lunacy is in men's relations with the animals and the factors that decide their fate.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at year end by Time Inc. 541 N Fairbanks Ct Chicago Ill 60611 principal office Rockefeller Ctr NY NY 10020 J R Shepley President E P Lenahan Treasurer C B Bear Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U S $16.00 a year

© 1975 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED

THE SAAB PHILOSOPHY.



Saab automobiles have always been designed with one underlying principle: to provide superb performance in an atmosphere of complete security and confidence.

Living up to that has led to many features that make Saab automobiles significantly different from most others.

WE BELIEVE A CAR SHOULD HELP CORRECT THE DRIVER'S MISTAKES, NOT VICE VERSA.

Every Saab we build has front-wheel drive, because we believe it helps make the average driver a better driver. With front wheel drive there is less of a tendency for the rear to swing out and cause a skid as the car is pulled—rather than pushed—around a turn.

WE BELIEVE SAFETY MEANS AVOIDING ACCIDENTS, NOT JUST SURVIVING THEM.

Saab also has rack-and-pinion steering and four-wheel, power-assisted disc brakes. When coupled with front-wheel drive, they give every Saab that sporty handling and quick response needed on today's crowded roads.

WE BELIEVE HOW FAST A CAR GOES SLOW IS AS IMPORTANT AS HOW FAST A CAR GOES FAST.

We put large disc brakes on all four wheels of a Saab to assure quick, straight, fade-free stops under any condition. In fact, a Saab can get from 60 mph to 0 mph in only 175 feet.

Of course, we also give you a very fast, fuel-injected, 2 liter, overhead cam engine that goes from 0 mph to 60 mph in 9.5 seconds.*

WE BELIEVE THERE IS SAFETY IN NUMBERS. FOR EXAMPLE, OUR THREE BRAKING SYSTEMS.

Every Saab also has three braking systems. Two link a front wheel with the opposite rear wheel so if one brake line is damaged the other can still stop the car with evenly distributed braking power.

The third system is the emergency. It is a manual system that works on the front wheels independently of the other two.

WE BELIEVE THE ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT THE CAR UNDER YOU.

Every Saab is built with roll cage construction, six solid steel posts to support the roof, door impact panels, and a body designed to absorb impact so that the passenger compartment remains intact in the event of an accident.

WE BELIEVE YOU SHOULD TEST DRIVE A SAAB.

However, to really appreciate Saab's performance and secure feeling, you must drive one. So we cordially invite you to stop by your nearest Saab dealer to take a test drive. We believe it will make you a follower of our philosophy.

SAAB
IT'S WHAT A CAR SHOULD BE.

*Estimated mileage for a Saab 99: 21 miles per gallon (city) and 27 miles per gallon (highway). Your mileage will depend on where and how you drive and the condition of your car.



American Express would like to acquaint you with one of the nicest things about staying at a Best Western. The owner.

The world's largest network of independently owned motels, hotels, and resorts didn't get that way by handing out those Best Western signs to everyone who wants one. Quite the opposite.

In a given year, Best Western accepts only a carefully selected group of applicants out of literally hundreds that come in from all over.

The result is that Best Western owners turn out to be an exceptional group of people. They know that there's only one way their property can get and keep the Best Western sign. And that's by always living up to everything the Best Western sign has come to stand for.

It's a tall order. It means maintaining the highest standards of cleanliness and comfort. It means convenient locations. Rooms and facilities that are always in tip-top condition. And of course, making sure every guest has a pleasant stay.

At the same time, each Best Western has a style all its own, reflecting the owner's particular personality.

There are more than 1700 Best Westerns around the U.S., Canada, Mexico, Australia and New Zealand. All welcome the American Express® Card. If you don't have the Card, you can pick up an application in your room at any Best Western.

You can also pick up a free 72-page Road Atlas and Travel Guide at any Best Western and to make a room reservation all you have to do is dial Best Western's toll-free number: **800-528-1234**. (In Arizona, 800-352-1222. Or Phoenix, 257-0885.) Have a pleasant stay.

800-528-1234



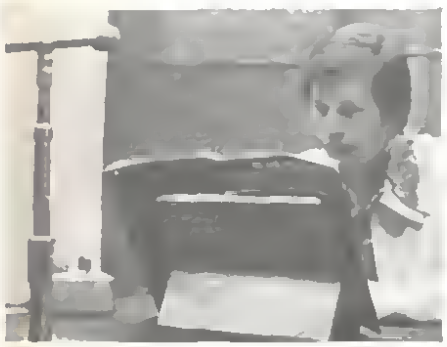
AMERICAN EXPRESS

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Among basketball fans in the Ohio Valley, Van Vance is widely known as the announcer who broadcasts Kentucky Colonels games over Louisville's powerful WHAS. But Vance has thousands of followers who are much more interested in sports other than baskethall and many of whom live far outside his station's 50,000-watt range. They are the blind and physically handicapped who subscribe, through a program sponsored by the Library of Congress, to the "Talking Book" edition of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Early each Wednesday morning the entire editorial content of SI, from LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER to the 19TH HOLE, is recorded at the nonprofit



ALL RIGHT, VAN, SAY "AR-R-R-R-RGH"

American Printing House for the Blind in Louisville by a team of professional readers, including Vance, retired Sportscaster Paul Clark and Charlie Ryle, the announcer at the Kentucky State Fairgrounds Motor Speedway. A typical ears-only edition of the magazine takes up both sides of two 8⅓ rpm, 9" flexible discs, whose combined playing time runs from three to four hours. By 10 a.m. the readers' tapes are completed and the process of cutting records from them has begun. Ninety-five hundred copies of the SI transcription are sent to direct-mail recipients, who get them at the same time as our regular print subscribers.

In 1962 Time Inc. granted permission to the Library of Congress to add SI to its recording service, which was established by Congress in 1931 to serve blind persons. The program was expanded in 1966 to include people with other physical impairments that prevent them from using standard print. Thirty-seven other magazines ranging from *The Reader's Digest* to *Natural History* are recorded regularly by American Printing House for the Blind. Fifty-three regional and about 100 subregional branches of the Library of Congress circulate recordings of magazines and full-length books at no cost to eligible persons.

"Reading this material for the past 10 years has been one of the most enjoyable and challenging facets of my life," Vance says. "Concentration is the key to the type of reading we do. It is unusual in that the more difficult, esoteric or intellectual articles are often easier to interpret than those with short sentence structures, because the mind responds to a greater degree when you read more difficult pieces.

"The SI writer who probably has the most expressive style is Curry Kirkpatrick. He takes the man who does interpretation, and that's ironic, because he often uses sound effects. I remember one article started with 'Ar-r-gh' or some such thing.

"But sounds are easy compared to some real words. Have you ever tried to pronounce *Trigonostoma agassizi* or *Pleurotomaria adansoniana*, even after you've checked them out in a reference book? Pat Ryan said there is a record cut especially for shell collectors in her story [*A Gumshoe in a Shell Game*, June 15, 1970], but the deadline we work under doesn't allow that easy way out."

For the benefit of those who cannot see the picture of Vance on this page, he is handsome, tall enough to have been a basketball player himself and athletically trim. And if you listen carefully, you might hear him blush.

Jack Meyer

Sports Illustrated ®

Founder
Editor-in-Chief
Chairman of the Board
President
Group Vice President, Magazines:
Vice Chairman

Managing Editor:
Executive Editor
Assistant Managing Editors:

Art Director

Senior Editors

Senior Writers

Associate Editors

Staff Writers

Director of Photography
Production Manager
Chief of Research
Photography

Staff Photographers

Writer-Reporters

Senior Reporters

Reporters

Art Department

Copy Desk

Production

Administrative Department

Special Contributors

Special Correspondents

Time-Life News Service

Editorial Services

Publisher
General Manager
Associate Publisher
Business Manager
Advertising Sales Director
Circulation Director
Promotion Director
Special Events Director:
Enterprises

The Wall Street Journal isn't just a fair-weather friend.



These are not the sunniest times for people in business. World events have fouled the weather, and uncertainty clouds the future.

We suggest that there has never been a better time to read The Wall Street Journal.

Now, more than ever, it is important that you have up-to-the-minute, in-depth, unbiased business information to use to plan your moves. The Journal gives you such information every business day—gathered, edited and organized by the world's largest staff of business-news experts.

From around the world, The Journal reports everything that happens that can affect business—Washington, the Mid East, London, Paris, the Far East, Tokyo, Detroit. Not just what is being done, but what is being thought. Not just what has happened, but what may happen. Authoritatively. Clearly. Dependably. And daily—so you have time to act upon it.

If you send in the attached card, you can get The Wall Street Journal delivered to your home or office every business day for only 80¢* a week for any period from 13 weeks to a year. If the card is missing, call this toll-free number: 800-257-0300. (In New Jersey, call 800-322-8150.) For new subscriptions only.

Try The Journal. It can't make the rain stop; but it may help to keep you from getting drenched.

The Wall Street Journal

2B583 *Price good in United States and possessions and Canada.

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

AN OLD ADMIRER AND OXFORD PART COMPANY IN A DISPUTE OVER SPORTS

A lot of people are going to be tempted to buy *The Oxford Companion to World Sports and Games* (Oxford University Press, $30), because a lot of people have been companionable with Oxford "companions" for a long time. These fat, single-volume reference works—covering a broad range of human activity from history to music to literature—have for years been widely, and properly, regarded as indispensable sources for any student, whether serious or casual, of Western civilization.

All the volumes are intended to be thorough but intelligently selective, authoritative and—bless the British publisher for this—readable. Some, need it be said, are better than others: the *Companion to American History* is splendid, while the *Companion to American Literature* contains some quirky judgments and passes over several writers deserving of recognition.

The Companion to World Sports and Games, it must be reported with some regret, falls in between. Perhaps a definitive guide to sport is an impossibility, but in trying to do too much this volume ends up doing too little. When it is good it is very, very good, but when it is bad it is—well, bad.

Before another word is said, let it be emphasized that this is the opinion of an American reviewer writing for American readers. The new *Companion to World Sports* is essentially a British production, and it may well be exactly what British readers need. I think, however, that American readers have a justifiable expectation that a book sold in this country as a reference work on world sport will cover U.S. sport adequately; this one does not.

The problem lies in the decision to make the book not merely a guide to how games are played but an encyclopedia of sports history. On the first part of that assignment, Editor John Arlott and his contributors are on solid ground; the survey pieces are, so far as I can tell, accurate and informative. But the individual entries are another matter altogether. Consider:

- There are entries for the Cincinnati Reds and the San Diego Padres, but there is none for the Cincinnati Bengals or the San Diego Chargers.
- There are entries for Walter Johnson, Cy Young and Bob Gibson, there is none for Bob Feller or Sandy Koufax.
- There are entries for Sammy Baugh and Joe Namath; there is none for John Unitas.
- The entry for Rod Laver is 45 lines long, that for Neale Fraser 35 lines. Babe Ruth's is 22 lines.

This may seem nitpicking, but I think not. The first three items above reflect a lack of consistency; the last reflects a lack of perspective. It can be argued that *The Oxford Companion to World Sports and Games* might not even exist if Babe Ruth hadn't come along to revolutionize professional sport; the compilers of the *Companion* evidently don't realize that.

I'm glad to have *The Oxford Companion to World Sports and Games*, and it's one review copy that I won't give away; if I ever work up the courage to plumb the mysteries of cricket, I'll know where to turn. To page 193. But for American readers, *caveat emptor*. END

PHOTOGRAPHY

by SUSAN KAMB

A MASTER'S RENOWNED NATURE STUDIES MAY SOON BE OUT OF PRINT—SO HURRY

No nature photographer is better known than Ansel Adams. He has worked much of his life in our national parks—Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grand Teton—producing black-and-white images that are unique in their stillness, clarity and ability to arouse emotion.

But it was while driving through Hernandez, N. Mex. in 1944 that Adams came across the scene that was to become his most popular photograph. The sun was setting behind clouds and the moon rising over a church and graveyard. There was only enough light to delineate the tombstone crosses. Adams braked his car sharply and hurriedly set up his camera, bellows and tripod. He took one shot and was readying for another when the graveyard went black.

Since then, Adams has painstakingly made more than 300 prints from the original negative, and it is far and away his bestseller. "There's always a problem in defining popularity," says Bill Turnage, Adams' business manager. "At some point art elevates technique and makes an emotional statement, striking a chord in people."

Individual customers have been able to purchase Adams' fine-print photographs for 40 years, but that practice is to end shortly. The price until Dec. 31 is $800 per print. No orders will be accepted after that date. "Mr. Adams is 73 and he knows he's slowing down," Turnage says. "Printing is emotional, tiring work. Ansel spends the majority of his time in the darkroom. He wants to concentrate on new instruction books to add to his series."

Adams would not consider allowing someone else to continue the printing. "If another person were to make the print," says Turnage, "Ansel feels it would be a different photograph." Adams, a man of steely patience, will spend two or three days working with a negative, often tearing up 50 prints that do not suit his critical eye. The photographer explains, "I believe the negative is equivalent to the composer's score and the print to the performance of it."

Adams also intends to sort through half a century's worth of his negatives stored in a fireproof vault behind his Carmel, Calif. home and choose 300 to 350, which he will print in master sets for sale to museums and universities. The negatives have been acquired by the Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona. Monetary profit is ruled out, the center can only use the negatives as teaching aids.

Interest in Ansel Adams' work has accelerated greatly in the past four years. "Over a long period of time an artist builds up a reputation," Turnage says. "There is a kind of momentum. People see in Ansel's work a romantic, but direct, statement of the mystical meaning of nature. He tells you what he felt, not what he saw."

An order for an Adams' print should be sent to the photographer's address: Rte. 1, Box 181, Carmel, Calif. 93921. The photograph will arrive a few weeks to several months later, depending on Ansel Adams' schedule. The prints range in size from 4 by 5 inches to 16 by 20 inches—Adams reserves the right to choose the appropriate dimension. The price may seem dear, but the print should be, too, to its new owner. END

How Admiral Byrd and the South Pole helped make Longines The World's Most Honored Watch.



"After the remarkable results obtained by Longines timing equipment, I can only choose Longines for the exact timing of my second Antarctic Expedition. For many years my Longines Chronograph watch has never left my arm and has been my faithful companion. I always rely on Longines accuracy."

–Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, 1932

Admiral Byrd meant what he said.

He carried 50 Longines timing instruments on Expedition II. Even his dogsleds were equipped with Longines chronometers as a safety measure.

All the original aerial maps of this uncharted continent were made with the help of Longines navigation equipment.

Byrd himself lived totally *alone* for five months, depending entirely upon the reliability of his equipment.



"My Faithful Companion"

Like Byrd, Longines watches are indomitable.

Longines watches are built to last. So Longines uses only the finest jewels and metals. Cuts them with amazing precision. And puts them together with diligent care.

All parts are scrupulously tested before assembly. Then retested. And again! Inspection after inspection insures a beautifully working watch.

And protects against the microscopic imperfections and burrs which can cause friction, the thief of accuracy.

Each of the hundreds of separate production, assembly, and regulation operations has a single goal: to make a watch that delivers years of accurate and trouble-free performance.

Longines has been honored with first prizes for accuracy in over 700 World's Fairs, International Expositions and Observatory competitions.

And has won the highest honors for excellence in timekeeping and design.



5-Star Admiral, 14K gold Day and Date Automatic, $350. Gold Medal, $160. Lady Riviera, $17[illegible]
Other Longines watches from $110 to $20,000

Every Longines is also a fine piece of jewelry.

Any watch that behaves as beautifully as a Longines deserves to be cased as beautifully. So every Longines is a triumph of the jeweler's as well as the watchmaker's art.

For a free color brochure and the name of your nearest jeweler, write the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Dept. I, New Rochelle, New York 10810.

LONGINES

The World's Most Honored Watch.

Sunbird!

Another great small car from the Wide-Track people.



Sunbird is a whale new concept for Pontiac.

It's small enough to really ration gas. According to EPA Mileage Guide figures, Sunbird is rated at 35 mpg in the highway test, 22 mpg in the city test* With its available 140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. engine and manual transmission. These figures are only estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

Sunbird's 140-cu.-in. engines come with a 5-year/60,000-mile (whichever comes first) guarantee

Pontiac guarantees to the owners of 1976 Sunbirds with the 140-cu.-in. engine that any authorized Pontiac dealer will make repairs without charge to the owner, during the term of the guarantee, to the cylinder block, cylinder heads, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump made necessary because of defects in material

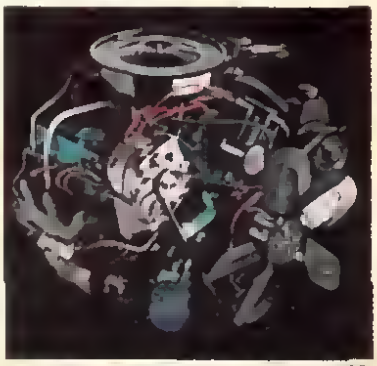
*In California, see your Pontiac dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars



You've read about them. Now look at them. The available luxury buckets. Did we exaggerate?



Pontiac's new available 5-speed. Fifth acts as an overdrive at highway speeds.



V-6. It's available if you want 231 cubic inches going for you.

and workmanship.

This guarantee is in addition to the New Vehicle warranty but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse, negligence, alteration, accident or lack of reasonable or proper maintenance.

This 5-year/60,000-mile engine guarantee is an added value feature in your 1976 Sunbird. Just try to find an import that can match it!

Not many imports are going to match Sunbird's interior, either. Order the available luxury buckets and it's downright elegant.

Here's the best part. Sunbird's priced right. That's an important part of being a great little car. And the Wide-Track people just won't build anything else.

PONTIAC The Mark of Great Cars.

Alive with pleasure!

Newport



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings and Box: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FT. Report Apr. '75.

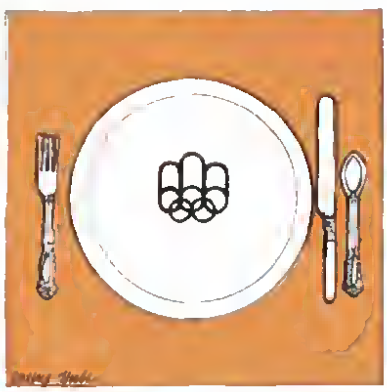
Footloose

by J. D. REED

WHEN THE OLYMPIC POOH-BAHS MEET, IF IT'S TUESDAY, IT MUST BE HOLLANDAISE

"What's he saying? I can't hear him. Is he thanking someone?" The elderly woman, one of eight diners at the round table, is sprightly but a bit "deef." She's dressed from hat to shoes in archery-target gold so dazzlingly bright it's turned the half-filled glasses of white Bordeaux to a cloudy museatel color. Around us the sounds of digestion are at full volume—interior gurgles, low moans, the creak of belt leather—and rich cigar smoke swirls. It appears to be a normal convention, people staring at plastic name tags while pumping hands, striding down hotel corridors with vinyl briefcases, sales charts and well-mannered hangovers. But this convention is special. The IOC and COJO are meeting with GAIF at a luncheon sponsored by the MCS&R. A-O.K., Mission Control!

You know immediately that you're at the Olympus of executive-level meetings by the sleet-storm of initials. In English, it means that the International Olympic Committee and the Montreal Olympic Organizing Committee are meeting with the General Assembly of International Federations, the organization that represents 26 Olympic sports, at a lunch hosted by the Canadian ministry of sport and recreation. Such earthshaking matters as whether the grass will be ready in the equestrian arena by July when the Montreal Games begin are being agonizingly put off. The president of GAIF is good-humoredly thanking COJO officials for showing them the Olympic sites, even though they could only view the main stadium through five layers of barbed wire. There's a billion dollars on the line and everyone's good-natured about it. The new Mirabel airport opened just the day before and the computerized transit system failed. Everybody got a laugh out of that. A real knee-slapper.



All this geniality, against a background of substantial rumors that the Olympic site can't possibly be ready on time, is the result, one is convinced, of the weight of knife and fork. Is it possible to get folks high on food, trick them into O.D.ing on Bearnaise, until they fall from the table laughing all the way to intensive care? The IOC, COJO and the sponsors of luncheons and dinners during the five days of meetings (Oct. 5-9) seem to be trying. And the speeches are an added irritant, doubly so because they're given in English and French. Ha-ha and *ha'ha!*

But food is uppermost in the minds of these 100-plus amateur sport moguls. Comparisons are endless as the hotel chefs of Montreal turn out tons of roasted meats, rivers of hollandaise and mountains of imitation baked Alaska. "The shirred eggs were better Sunday, don't you think?" "Is this lamb or pork, waiter? I can't tell from the sauce." All week the delegates have staggered from the tables into meetings, eyes glazed with gluttony, to decide about the pitch of the oval track. The Russians eat solidly and long, the English keep finding foreign objects on their plates as they pick carefully through the asparagus. The Arab delegates plunder the dinner with Third World savagery, looking as though they're about to raise the price of oil again.

Here amid the bread crumbs and sauce spills one thought strikes the glutted observer. Where are all the athletes? As one sits back after another dinner, given this time by a sneaker mogul, one wonders. The talk has been fatiguing. An international head poohbah of Olympic equipment has discoursed at length on the merits and faults of the London Playboy Club. Several women have corrected each other's golf swings, and when one member of the international sporting press leans forward and asks, "What's the difference between a good woman and a good cigar?" the only thing to do is sprint away, knocking over waiters carrying decanters of brandy, and hide.

One longs to plan such a dinner, even have the sneaker king give a boring speech in his tuxedo and brown Gucci loafers, but end it with a twist. A giant Estonian javelin champ, in sweaty field shorts and enraged mood, would lope into the dining room and heave a perfect shot through the roast suckling pig. Have him sit down and arm-wrestle the heads of sporting state in their cream-drenched stupor, have the assembled 35,000 athletes and coaches march past the dessert trays singing and carrying flags. And finally, have the shade of Avery Brundage present the huge dinner check to the IOC with a ghostly "Well done."

But these fantasies are no doubt the result of the rich food. The thing to do is calm down and wonder what's for breakfast. And who'll be paying for it. END

The Zenith that runs away from home.



This 12-inch (diagonal) portable is the Zenith for people on the go. Play it at home on regular AC household current. Or plug the special DC cord adapter into your car's cigarette lighter. With the wrap-around detachable sunshield, you can even watch it outside. The Calumet, Model G1360W.

Whatever you want in a black & white portable, Zenith's got it—luggage-look sets, swivel-tilt sets, even a set covered in blue denim. *All* 100% solid-state. *All* Zenith quality.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

DOWN THE DRAIN

And so it ended, quietly, in midseason, with hardly enough of an impact to make headlines. Indeed, the biggest news about the end of the World Football League concerned not the WFL itself but the disposition of the handful of good players it had. Would Csonka, Kiick and Warfield return to Miami? (The possibility that the mellifluous trio might be split up—with Csonka here, Kiick there and Warfield somewhere else—was seldom discussed.) What about Anthony Davis, who was drafted last year by the New York Jets? Where would Willie Spencer go? A homegrown WFL star who did not go to college, Spencer has never been drafted by a National Football League team and as a free agent would get an impressive bonus for signing.

But, apparently fearing litigation with WFL owners who still claim contractual control over their players, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle decreed that no WFL player could join the NFL this season. The ruling was made primarily to avoid trouble with John Bassett, the wealthy owner of the WFL's Memphis club, who had lured Csonka, etc., away from the NFL and who made it clear that he felt they still belonged to him.

Rozelle could have difficulty with Bassett on another front, since the Memphis owner has made noises about applying for membership in the NFL. Rozelle doesn't think much of that idea, but Bassett can argue that he is eminently qualified, since he has: 1) the money, 2) a club; 3) a complete roster of players as good as and probably better than any NFL expansion team is likely to come up with; 4) a city; 5) a stadium; and 6) no league to play in. Because the NFL has a monopoly on pro football, where else can Bassett do business?

And despite Rozelle's ukase, the NFL could have legal problems anyway with individual players who feel they are free of contractual obligations. If one of them—a talented one, say, like Spencer—is arbitrarily denied the right to sign with the NFL, he might seek legal recourse. "They're denying me a chance to earn my living at my trade," he might claim.

It begins to look as if the WFL could cause the NFL more trouble now than it did when it was alive. Like a freshly killed shark, its future is nil, but it can give you a nasty bite if you're not careful.

JONI'S WAY

Joni Huntley, the American women's champion and record holder in the high jump, indoors and out, went to a high school in Sheridan, Ore. that did not have a track. Inspired, one assumes, by its heroine's exploits, the local school board finally got around to building one this year. At the first meet 40 kids showed up to compete. And 32 of them entered the high jump.

DIMPLES

A few years ago a chemist and a physicist in California found themselves fascinated by an article on the aerodynamics of golf balls in an old science magazine. As most golfers suspect (and a few know), the dimples on the standard golf ball are there for a reason, not just for decoration. They create minute turbulences that cause drag but also provide aerodynamic lift. A smooth ball has less drag but develops negative lift.



The Californians, chemist Daniel Nepela and physicist Fred Holmstrom, figured they could design a ball with the best features of both laminar (smooth) and turbulent (dimpled) surfaces. They filled in some of the dimples and left others the way they found them, and after quite a bit of experimentation produced a ball with a wide "equator" of dimples and smooth areas at the "poles." This combination, they say, produces an aerodynamic effect that combines smoothness with turbulence to give you the best of both possible worlds. What their ball does is wiggle imperceptibly from side to side, correcting itself, so to speak, whenever it starts to go off line. The result is a remarkably straight flight, with great resistance to what we know all too well as hooking and slicing.

It sounds like a terrific idea—for hackers. A touring pro, on the other hand, one of those artists who can fade or draw a ball at will, depending on hole and circumstance, would probably hate it.

REVERSE REVOLT

The continuing battle between men's sports and women's sports triggered by Title IX, the Federal legislation that says colleges must provide reasonable opportunities to both sexes in intercollegiate athletics, has cost the University of Maryland a basketball coach and an athletic director.

No, Lefty Driesell did not quit his hoopsters in a huff, nor did Jim Kehoe give up his job. The one who left was Dorothy McKnight, coordinator of women's athletics and women's basketball coach at Maryland for 11 years. Did she leave because of male resistance to women's rights? Not at all. The athletic committee of the school's board of regents passed a resolution that scholarships should be granted to women athletes, and the full board will vote on the measure in a few weeks. But McKnight feels that the idea of athletic scholarships for women is a mistake, and she wants no part of it.

Her reasons are simple. She says she does not want to sit on a recruit's doorstep the way the men coaches have to, and she feels things will come to that.

"I figure we'll be into the buying and selling business," she says, "and I can't

do that. I don't believe this is being done only for the girls. There's going to have to be something coming back. I've had pressure already, without scholarships. Pretty soon they'd be telling me I have to win, or that I better get that guard or that pitcher. I don't need it."

McKnight says her main objection to athletic aid is that it more often helps the coach or athletic department than the man or woman it is supposed to assist. "Right now," she says, "I ask a girl, 'Can we help you?' Under this new program, I'd be asking, 'Can you help us?'

"I just don't believe what's happening. I mean, we finally have the men cutting back on financial aid, and now they want to get women into it. To me, it's asinine."

BLOCKBUSTER

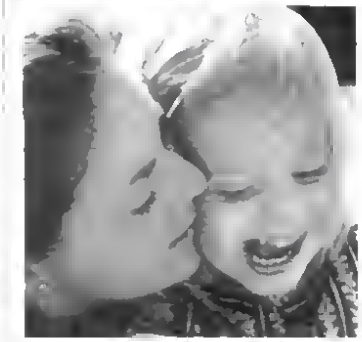
Muhammad Ali, the author, was the star of the recent Frankfurt Book Fair, the world's biggest gathering of publishers. More than 4,000 representatives from all over the world were in the German city for six days, and more than a quarter of a million book titles were on show. Ali, stopping by on the way home from his triumph in Manila, checked in with Random House, publishers of *The Greatest*, which was written for Ali by a professional ghost named Jim Durham. Random House was peddling foreign rights to the book and doing a land-office business. Droemer, a German company, paid $200,000 to put it out in German, and this did not include the fee the magazine *Der Spiegel* will pay for serializing it. British, French, Swedish and Turkish publishers got into the swing of things, sending the figure toward the half-million mark, and Random House expected it to go beyond that when a deal for a Japanese version was completed.

And Hemingway thought he was a heavyweight.

HEN'S TEETH

A lot of people interested in the Montreal Olympics were frustrated in early efforts to buy tickets to the Games. Everything seemed to be gone simultaneously with the announcement that they were on sale. Now Montgomery Ward, the official U.S. ticket distributor, has received a second allotment from the Montreal Organizing Committee. More than 400,000 tickets to next summer's fun and games will be on sale from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31—but don't get too excited. Unless you are intensely interested in soccer or some

continued



Photography the Yashica way.

A fine SLR at a price you can afford. With IC Computer Brain for bright, clear pictures shot-after-shot. Extra sharp Yashinon lens. Precision shutter with speed range from 1 second to 1/1000 second. That's the Yashica TL-Electro.

We kept it simple because we haven't forgotten what photography is all about. People. Places. Memories you never want to forget.

Photography the Yashica way. When you try it, you'll never be satisfied with photography any other way.



YASHICA

Queens Blvd. Woodside, N.Y. (212) 446-5566

See the full line of Yashica cameras at your local Yashica dealer.

TL-ELECTRO



"Car leasing, car leasing, car leasing. Doesn't anybody want to know about their love life anymore?"

Lots of people are wondering if they should lease. This year, over half a million will decide they should. To find out if leasing's for you, check out the hard, cold facts with a local member of Chrysler Leasing System. Or see most any Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer. If leasing is right for you, he'll tailor a lease to your specific requirements. But if it isn't, he'd be just as happy to sell you a car.

CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

CHRYSLER Dodge Plymouth Dodge Trucks

Daily shampooing doesn't do much for dandruff

if you're using the wrong shampoo.

Most shampoos contain no medication for dandruff. Problem dandruff requires special medication. Medication to penetrate, loosen, and remove scales as it washes away excess oil. Sebulex® Shampoo starts controlling oiliness, itching, and scaling with the first treatment. Once symptoms are fully arrested, shampooing with Sebulex once or twice a week can keep them under control.

Sebulex® medicated shampoo leaves hair soft and manageable as it controls problem dandruff.

Available at drug counters in 4 and 8 fl. oz. bottles and Sebulex® Cream in 4 oz tubes.



©1974 WESTWOOD PHARMACEUTICALS INC., Buffalo, New York 14213

of the so-called minor sports, the pickin's are slim. Events for which good seats are available, besides soccer, are archery, canoeing, equestrian sports, field hockey, judo, modern pentathlon, rowing, shooting and yachting. You might find tickets for basketball, boxing and team handball, but not for the finals.

In track and field, the backbone of the Olympics, most seats are gone for those sessions in which final events are scheduled, but you still can get in to see the finals of the 100-meter dash, the 800-meter run, the 400-meter hurdles, the 20-kilometer walk, the shotput, the discus, the women's long jump, the women's javelin and the women's 100 meters. And you can still find tickets to the women's final in basketball.

KNICKER NEWS

When cross-country skiing began to boom a few years back, it was mostly because it was cheap and easy to do. No expensive fiber-glass skis, no plastic boots, no sleek, skintight ski clothes, no crowded slopes, no freezing hours on lift lines. Just put on some baggy, old-fashioned knickers, a sweater and knit cap, buy a pair of wooden *langrenn* skis for something like $39.95 and take off for the woods—and peace. You didn't need a groomed trail or a lot of technique. Anybody who could walk could ski cross-country.

But all things change. Fiber-glass skis for cross-country began to appear about three years ago, and now every manufacturer makes them. They are faster than wooden ones and don't require as much waxing. Today there is not a single cross-country racer in the world who does not compete on them. And what the racers use, the recreational skiers covet. The shops are filled with fiber-glass models at $100 and $150, and skiers will go faster and farther on them, which means they will need wider, safer trails, which will require more maintenance, which will cost more. Cross-country skiing seems to be falling into the expensive, structured ruts that have come to characterize Alpine skiing. No more peace and quiet. No more simple life. You know what will disappear next? Those knickers. You watch.

YEOMAN EFFORT

Oberlin, never a football power even though John Heisman of trophy fame once coached there, hit rock bottom after the controversial reign of Athletic Director Jack Scott and Football Coach Cass Young Jackson. Jackson's departure particularly hurt, because when he left for Morris Brown College in Atlanta he took the crack passing combination of Willie Martinez and Jay Greeley with him.

This year Oberlin faced a six-game schedule with the tatters of a squad. After losing 28–0 to Centre, 35–13 to Carnegie-Mellon and 21–6 to Hamilton, Coach Dick Riendeau had only 16 men available for a game with Kenyon a couple of Saturdays ago. Out of necessity, Riendeau uses a basic lineup—the team's nickname, fittingly, is the Yeomen—that plays both offense and defense.

"It's twice as hard to prepare kids to go both ways," Riendeau said before the Kenyon game, "and it's a much larger burden on the squad. These kids are giving too much of themselves now."

Yet the Yeomen upset Kenyon 14–6, scoring their winning points opportunely. A bad snap from center on an intended extra-point kick led to an improvised pass for a two-point conversion, a 58-yard runback of an intercepted pass in the fourth quarter gave Oberlin the touchdown that clinched the game.

What is particularly cheering about all this is the campus reaction. Professor George H. Andrews of Oberlin's mathematics department even wrote to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED about it. "Needless to say," Professor Andrews declared, "we are very proud of our courageous 16."

THEY SAID IT

- Arnold Palmer, on his desire for relief from the intensity of being Arnold Palmer: "I just wish I had enough money so that I could do nothing but fly my plane and play a little golf and go walking in the woods."
- Frank Hughes, of the Houston Aeros, on what it means to have Gordie Howe back for the 1975-76 WHA season. "Probably about $13,000 in the playoffs."
- John Hall, *Los Angeles Times* sportswriter, on how spiking the football after a touchdown seems to be diminishing a bit: "Dignity got so far out it's in again."
- Julius Erving, after his teammate and best friend, Willie Sojourner, was cut from the New York Nets squad after his four-year, no-cut contract had terminated: "The only thing hurting him is his first four years." END

The 1976 Thunderbird. Could it be the best luxury car buy in the world?

The Private World of Thunderbird includes standard features like automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power side windows, solid-state ignition. Not to mention air conditioning, vinyl roof, steel-belted radials and split bench seats. In addition there is an impressive list of added comforts and conveniences available to choose from.

Enter the Private World of Thunderbird for 1976.



Shown: 1976 Thunderbird with optional Bordeaux Luxury Group, WSW tires, Moonroof and Convenience Group.

The closer you look, the better we look. See your local Ford Dealer.

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 3, 1975

EVERYTHING CAME UP

At the moment of triumph Pete Rose leads the charge converging on Johnny Bench and the Reds' last reliever Will McEnaney.



REDS

For sustained drama few could equal it. Boston's glorious Game 6 still hung in the air as Cincinnati squeezed through to win a very special World Series

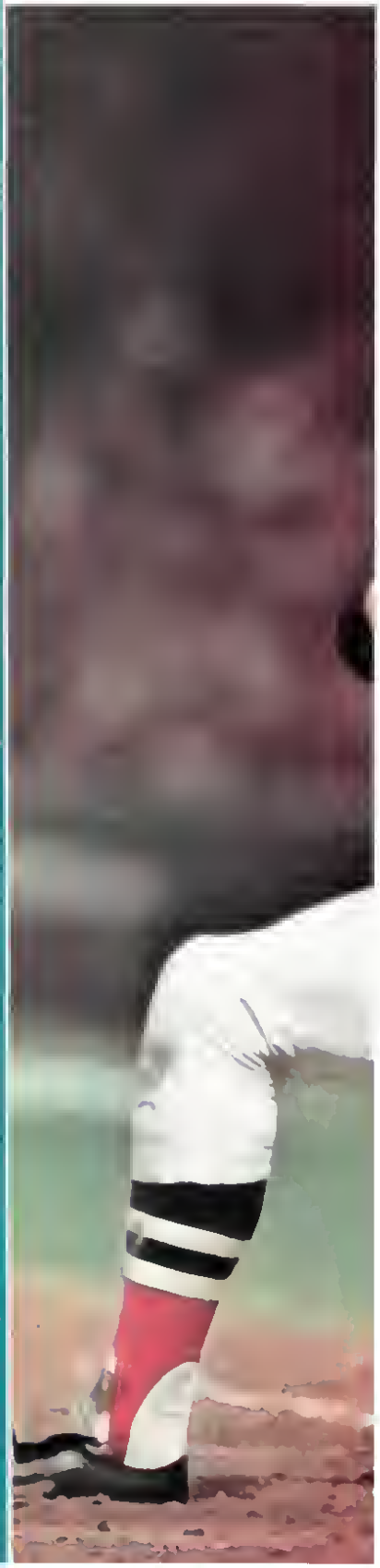
by RON FIMRITE



CONTINUED
21

GAME 6

The critical instant: Carlton Fisk slams his game-winning homer in the 12th.



A taxicab hurrying along Storrow Memorial Drive toward Boston's Logan Airport the morning after the World Series ended passed beneath a gigantic banner suspended from an overpass that was eerily illuminated in the blue dawn by a red ball of rising sun: "Wilmington Ford Congratulates the Boston Red Sox—1975 World Champions." The driver glanced up and mumbled to himself, "Nineteen seventy-six, dammit, 1976."

Later the same morning another taxi cruised across a bridge over the turbid Ohio River, which had been transformed by the sun into shimmering glass. Riverfront Stadium gleamed on the opposite bank. In the stadium parking lot the red-uniformed East Central High School band from Brookville, Ind. was rehearsing patriotic airs, the drums thumping in the distance like heartbeats. It was a bright, joyous day in Cincinnati, and the streets were already alive with celebrants. Flakes of ticker tape, calendar pads, stationery, toilet paper floated lazily from upper-story windows of downtown buildings. These were merely preparatory offerings, for in an hour a blizzard of paper would fall from these heights on the conquerors.

By noon, townspeople had overflowed Fountain Square. Bob Braun, a local television personality, bawled into a microphone on a podium, "I'd like you to know that the lady in the blue pants suit is the mother of George Foster." The woman was acclaimed as if she had been the mother of George Washington or, at the very least, Stephen Foster. "How many of you didn't get any sleep last night?" Braun called out. Wide-awake cheers. "Well," said Braun, "who cares?" Uncaring cheers.

Now the East Central Band, majorettes stepping out, was threading through the mob on Vine Street. "My Country, Tis of Thee," the band played and the crowd sang. Youngsters scaled trees, statues, fences, lampposts to see the parade, which was unusually short, consisting of the high school tootlers and some convertibles with empty backseats where ballplayers were expected to be.

As the Reds arrived via another route, secretaries in office buildings on the square jumped from their desks and waved from behind windows. Manager Sparky Anderson was first to pass in review, white-haired, almost regal despite his rooster's walk and down-home face. Sparky held his arms aloft and, on his arrival at the podium, bent to embrace a startled little boy, a gesture that earned him even more affection from the crowd. And there were the players: Tony Perez, the home run hero, brandishing a smoking stogie. Joe Morgan, all in pink. Johnny Bench in a white golf cap. And finally, the idol of millions, Pete Rose, smiling and waving, an *Our Gang* character in a Buster Brown haircut. "Take it easy," Rose counseled the adoring masses. "Take it easy. We love you. You're what makes this the baseball capital of the world."

Bowie Kuhn stepped to the microphone. "I came to bring you something," he bellowed. The crowd knew what it was. "I came to bring you something this city deserves and this great team deserves. I bring you the championship of the world trophy!" Pandemonium. Orderly, Middle America pandemonium. Cheerful, Cincinnati pandemonium. But pandemonium. There had been 35 years between championships.

Anderson stood in the background, smiling crookedly as if he were surprised to be in such eminent company. The night before, facing the nation's sporting press in the interview room under the stands at Boston's Fenway Park, he had repeated a familiar boast, "We are the best team in baseball." Only this time he had introduced a modifier: "But not by much." True, save for a bloop hit and a botched double play, he might once again be standing in the shadows, not the limelight. He knew he had been lucky to escape with the trophy that had eluded him in 1970 and '72. "In all sincerity," he had said, "I don't know that there's ever been a better World Series."

He had a point, for even with the tension-dousing three-day rainstorm in Boston, few Series had been the equal of this one for sustained drama. And surely there have been few single games to match the sixth game of this Series. There have been other Series thrillers—the seventh game in 1960 with Bill Mazeroski's

continued on page 26

It was the thriller by which those of the future must be measured, with the Red Sox first lifted up, then dashed down and finally made victors by two storybook home runs





The drama begins with Fred Lynn's three-run drive in the first.



Ken Griffey retaliates in the fifth with his two-run triple

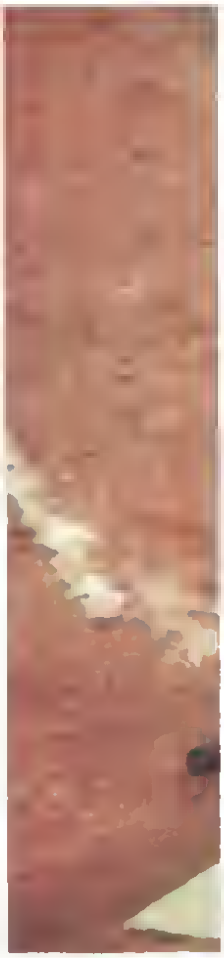
Lynn's gallant leap for the ball fails; he crashes and collapses.

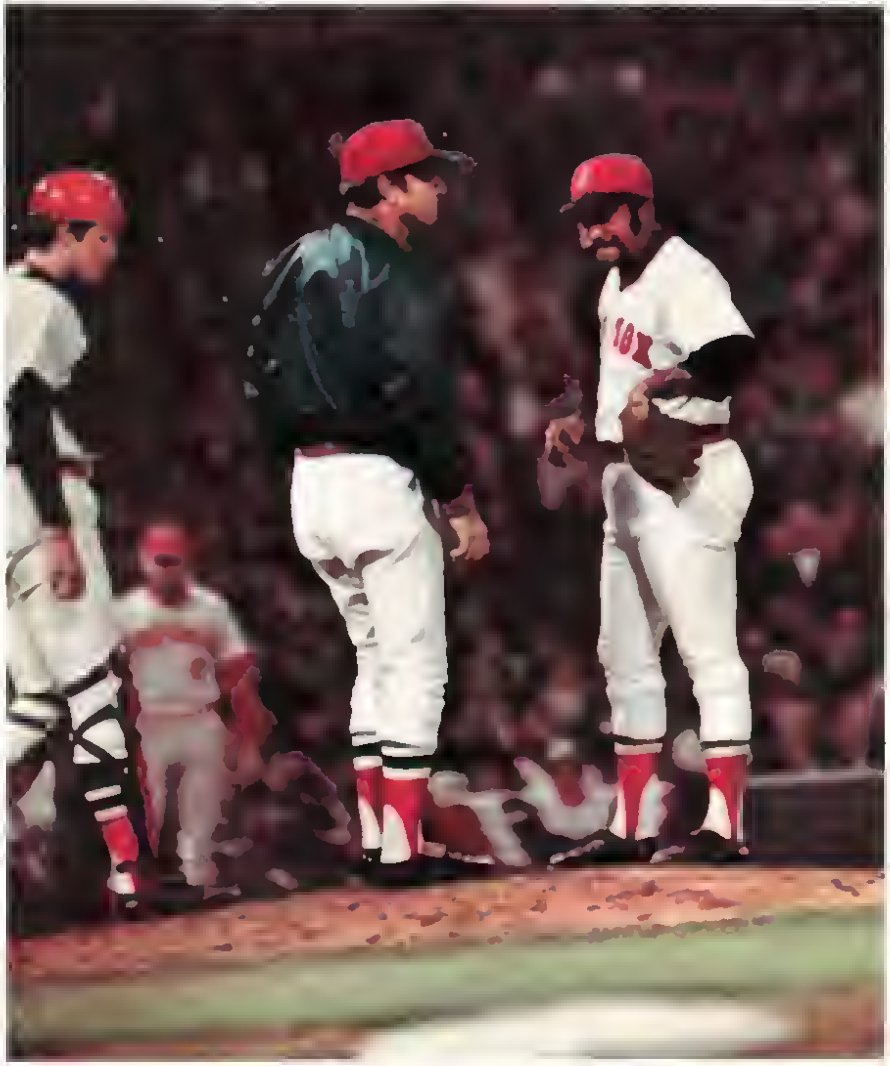


CONTINUED



Ceser Geronimo rounds third after his eighth-inning homer makes it 6–3.







Denny Doyle's rash dash home in the ninth; he's out.

It is Ceser who buries Luis Tiant; he is taken out.



Bernie Carbo ripe the improbable eighth-inning pinch home run, his second of the Series, that ties the game 6–6.



All of which leads to the mob scene for Fisk.



triumphant home run; the fifth game in '56 with Don Larsen's perfect pitching; the fourth game in '47, won on Cookie Lavagetto's last-out double that, at the same time, broke up Floyd Bevens' no-hitter, the seventh game of the '26 Series when Grover Cleveland Alexander, old and used up, struck out young Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded. Terrific games, all of them. But for the 35,205 wedged into misshapen Fenway and the millions who watched on television, the sixth game of the 1975 Series will be the standard by which all future thrillers must be measured.

Surprisingly, it was a warm night, 64° at game time, and the field, inundated for three days, seemed firm if not fast. The rain delay had given the Red Sox' pitching wizard, Luis Tiant, a few days of extra rest. Tiant was to have pitched the seventh game way back on Sunday, if, of course, the Series got that far. Left-hander Bill Lee was Manager Darrell Johnson's original choice for the sixth game. But when the rains came, Johnson altered his strategy. There would be no seventh game, he reasoned, without a win in the sixth, and Tiant had already won the only two games the Sox had taken from the Reds. Johnson's decision did not sit well with the free-spirited Lee. In more sophisticated circles, a man of Lee's garrulity and disorderly intelligence (he is an apostle now of "Pyramid Power") might be regarded as mildly odd; in the closed society of professional sports where any intellectual deviation is treated with wonder, he is thought to be flat out balmy. Lee was, he argued, transcendentally rested, and he was also confident he could extinguish the hot Reds bats with his maddening blooper pitch—the "Leephus Ball," direct descendant of the orbital "Ephus Ball" that Rip Sewell tossed upward to batters in the 1940s. When informed that he must wait a day to try his luck, Lee remarked testily that Johnson "had been falling out of trees all year and landing on his feet."

The sixth game started well for both Tiant and Johnson. In the first inning, Fred Lynn hit a long three-run home run into the right-center-field bleachers to give the Sox early foot. But Tiant was obviously not his usual whirling, mystifying self. His paroxysmal windup seemed less confusing to the Reds, his fastball lacked snap and his own Ephus pitches were no longer mesmerizing. The Reds were hitting him hard.

In the fifth, with one out, Tiant walked the infamous interferer, Ed Armbrister, and Rose followed with a single to center. Ken Griffey then fired a cannon shot to center field that Lynn chased almost through the wall at the 379-foot marker, his hurtling body whacking it with a thump audible in the stands behind home plate. Lynn crumpled to the warning track and remained there propped like a puppet without strings as Armbrister and Rose fled home and Griffey reached third. Lynn, everyone's Rookie of the Year, just sat there, head lolling to one side, looking not so much injured as mortally afflicted. The audience rose in stony, apprehensive silence. Then Lynn was on his feet, miraculously recovered, a Merriwell prepared to continue—"My back, sir? Broken in two, yes. But no matter. One must carry on." There were lively cheers again, but they were short-lived, for Bench slammed one off the wall and Griffey strolled home with the tying run.

The Reds broke the deadlock in the seventh when Griffey and Morgan singled and Foster doubled them home with a drive off the center-field fence that was so well hit not even Lynn tried to intercept it. Cincinnati increased its advantage to 6–3 in the eighth on Cesar Geronimo's leadoff home run down the short right-field line. This was the blow that flattened Tiant. Johnson, who, on the evidence, had been improvidently patient with his ace, removed him for Roger Moret, the cadaverous Puerto Rican lefthander. Anderson, for his part, operated a bullpen shuttle system. By the time of Tiant's tardy departure, Anderson had used five pitchers. He would use three more.

As the Red Sox came to bat in the eighth, the game, the Series, the season seemed at an end in Boston. But no. The indestructible Lynn, leading off, lined a single off Pedro Borbon's leg and Rico Petrocelli followed with a walk, Anderson quickly replaced the offending Borbon with Rawly Eastwick, who, in relief, had been given credit for two of the Reds' three wins. Eastwick dispatched Dwight Evans on a strikeout and Rick Burleson on a fly ball. Johnson then ordered Bernie Carbo to pinch-hit for Moret. The crowd greeted this tactic with unrestrained enthusiasm, for Carbo had pinch-hit a home run in the third game, and if he could repeat, the night might be saved. The count on him went to two balls and two strikes. On the next pitch he swung with all the power and grace of a suburbanite raking leaves, fouling it off. On the following pitch, however, he drove a ball to center that cleared the wall and the bases and, praise be, tied the game. Carbo leaped in joy and wonder at his own feat and danced and clapped his hands as he rounded the bases before plunging into a hysterical mob of teammates at home plate. Johnson contrived to prolong the moment by sending Carbo in to play left field in the ninth, the crowd celebrating his arrival there with another standing ovation.

Carbo's heroic clout seemed a source of inspiration for the Red Sox loaded the bases with no one out in the ninth. Here, they fell victim to impetuosity. Lynn popped a fly ball into short left field that Foster caught at the foul line not far behind third base. Denny Doyle, the potential winning run on third, unaccountably tagged up in an effort to score, although it was obvious the ball had not been hit far enough to accommodate such daring. Foster threw straight and true to Bench, and Doyle was tagged out at the plate.

If Doyle had stayed put, the Sox would still have had the bases loaded and only one out. Now they had two outs and nobody on third. Petrocelli ended the once-promising inning by bouncing out to Rose. What had gotten into Doyle? Third-Base Coach Don Zimmer protested that he had not sent him home. On the contrary, "I started yelling, 'No, no, no.' Doyle came up to me after the game and said, 'I thought you said, "Go, go, go." ' " The play represented a principal failing of our time: a breakdown in communications.

And so the teams battled into extra innings. In the 11th Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk made a fine pickup and throw of Griffey's attempted sacrifice bunt to nail Rose at second base. With Griffey on first by virtue of the fielder's choice, Morgan lined one that seemed destined for home run country in the short portion of right field. Evans took up an apparently futile chase. At the last moment he threw his glove hand into the air and speared the ball, his momentum carrying him nearly into the seats. Somehow he regained his footing in time to throw toward first base. Carl Yastrzemski, who had moved to first after Carbo's belated entry, fielded the throw in foul territory and tossed to Burleson, who had crossed over from shortstop to cover the base. Griffey was

caught flat-footed in the middle of the infield. A two-run home run had become a double play.

It was past midnight now. The game had lasted almost four hours. It was the 12th inning and Fisk was leading off for the Red Sox. On the second pitch, a low inside sinker thrown by the eighth and last of the Reds' pitchers, Pat Darcy, Fisk took a mighty cut. The ball described a high arc toward the wall in left, curving as if to spin foul. Fisk stood several feet down the line, frantically urging the ball fair with his hands. It hit the yellow foul pole above the wall, a home run. A game-winning home run. The Red Sox had won this epic struggle 7–6. It was V-J Day at home plate when Fisk arrived, a hero of heroes in one of the finest games ever played, one that may well have attracted multitudes of new fans who had considered baseball a sedentary occupation.

"I don't think I've ever gone through a more emotional game," said Fisk, sweating from his exertions in a humid clubhouse. "I don't think anybody in the world could ask for a better game than this one. Pete Rose came up to me in the 10th and said, 'This is some kind of game, isn't it.' Pete Rose said that to *me*."

The concluding game was strangely anticlimactic, although, by ordinary standards, it, too, was a thriller. Once again the Red Sox took a 3–0 lead, achieved mainly on the third-inning wildness of Don Gullett, who walked in two runs. The Reds made up two of the three in the sixth when Perez timed a Leephus pitch perfectly and drove it completely out of the ball park with Bench on base. Bench had gotten there because Doyle had thrown away a double-play relay, hindered at least partially by Rose's hard charge into second. Rose singled in the tying run in the seventh and with two out Morgan blooped home the winning run in the ninth on a pitch he hit off the end of his bat. In a Series of such majesty, the climactic blow should have been more consequential, a wall shot or a blast over Lynn's head. But Morgan did the job. As he said afterward, "Now I can go home and say, 'We're the best.' "

And as he spoke, the thousands were already streaming toward Fountain Square to enjoy this slender, sweet victory. It is also possible that at the same time the people down at Wilmington Ford were hurrying to edit the text of their gigantic banner. "Nineteen seventy-six, dammit, 1976." END



After the heroics, Joe Morgan's bloop single wins the Series for the Reds.

And Manager Sparky Anderson's eyes fill as his long quest is rewarded.



IN RELIEF: AGONY, ECSTASY AND COMEDY

The author views the Series with the high-risk



by GEORGE PLIMPTON

OCT. 11 As bullpens go, those in Boston are about average. They are not as well situated as those in Wrigley Field, which are close to the dugouts, have an excellent view of the field and are up close to the fence so that the fans are right there and the girls can come down close and pass notes and cakes and such to the relievers. On the other hand, Boston's are considered better than Pittsburgh's, where the bullpen is in an alcove from which it is almost impossible to watch the game, or Milwaukee's, which are 360 feet from home plate, or Detroit's, which are not only a long home-run shot away from the infield but are sunk into the ground so that the players peer out through a wire fence at ground level like a row of prairie dogs. Hubert Humphrey once referred to those premises as "inhuman."

In Boston the two bullpens are behind the low outfield fence, right next to each other, and identical except for a WE'RE NO. 1 sticker on the back of the Boston bench. A fence divides the two; it was raised three feet some years back to keep the players from leaning over it and fraternizing like housewives.

Each bullpen has two pitching lanes, close enough to each other so that if a lefthander and a righthander are warming up at the same time they throw with their hurling arms to the outside to keep them from being entangled down the middle.

The players sit under their respective bullpen sheds on the top plank of a three-decker bench. They can look out and see the backs of the outfielders and, 300 feet or so farther on, the infielders and the distant figures around the plate, backdropped by the feathery skein of the foul screen rising up to the broadcasting booths.

Each bullpen has a sentry-box-like latrine beyond the water fountain at the end of the bench. It is used a great deal during the game—almost entirely for puffing on cigarettes. Smoking is frowned on, especially to be caught at it by the teleseopic eye of television. So the players—sometimes as many as three at a time—crowd in, pulling the door closed behind them. It's dark in there, the only light coming through a space at the bottom. In the visitors' latrine a spyhole once looked out on the playing field, but some years ago it was boarded up with a piece of ply- *continued*

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD FUCHS

men in the bullpens, occupying a bubble-gummed and tobecco-spattered ventage point that yields an unusual story



wood following suspicions that teams were using it to steal the Red Sox catcher's signals by squinting through high-powered telescopes.

So inside it is impossible to tell what is happening; if a great roar goes up from the crowd, the door opens a crack and a player leans out, like a ferryboat skipper peering from his wheelhouse to check the weather, and he reports to those behind him what's going on. If the tension gets too high, the players stream out and perch up on the bullpen seats, blowing smoke furtively into their gloves.

Once there was a clasp on the door of the visiting team's outhouse. Earlier this year the Oakland A's used it to lock in one of their pitchers. He pushed unsuccessfully at the door a few times, and then he pretended to panic in the musty darkness inside, kicking at the side of the structure with a booming sound that attracted the attention of the nearby Fenway fans. As the crowd craned to see what was going on, the bills of the Oakland caps down in the bullpen turned toward the latrine—until finally, before the imprisoned pitcher came bursting through with cracked wood falling from his shoulders, someone sprang forward and released him. The Red Sox had the clasp removed.

There are some distinctions to be made about the two bullpens. Those Boston players who smoke do it more openly along the bench; they are less Calvinist in outlook than the Reds. The Boston players eat a lot of sunflower seeds; the ground under their bench resembles that below a giant bird-feeding station. Tobacco chewing seems more prevalent in the Boston bullpen, though Catcher Tim Blackwell says there is less of it out there than in the Boston dugout. "The guys on the bench usually spit on each other. That's why it's safer to be in the bullpen." Out there he and Jim Willoughby play a tobacco-spitting game that can turn a bleacherite's stomach queasy if he looks over the bullpen fence and spots it going on. The two players use a paper cup as a target, scoring "runs" either by knocking it over with a stream of tobacco juice, or by spitting a shred of tobacco into the cup itself. Willoughby describes the game as one of the devices for keeping pitchers' insides from getting too tense. It is not only the act of chewing that is relaxing, Willoughby feels, but the spitting. On occasion, when he sees a fellow pitcher getting too tight—what he calls "overtrying"—he walks out to the bullpen rubber and lets loose a stream of tobacco on his shoes. He explains, "A pitcher just can't pitch right if he's tight, and nothing loosens a guy up more than to be hit on the shoe with a stream of tobacco."

Over on their side, the Cincinnati players stick to tobacco and bubble gum, bubble gum especially. In the aftermath of a crucial play the pink bubbles suddenly protrude along the bench of players like so many balloons issuing from the mouths of cartoon characters, lacking only the word "Hey!" or "Heck!" or "Whew!" spelled out on the bubble before it pops; the fingers work busily collecting the shreds and stuffing them back in for the next comment.

But the chief distinction of the Cincinnati bullpen is that it is always in use—the sweatshop of the major league ball parks. Sparky Anderson is famous for removing his starters at the slightest suggestion of their faltering, he is invariably on the phone to the bullpen in the early innings. Indeed, the catchers often leave their gloves palm up on the bullpen home plates, as if to suggest that although they're taking a breather they'll be returning in just a minute.

In this first game of the Series, Pat Darcy and Fred Norman were warming up in the fifth inning. The first Red Sox batter in the sixth singled and, though it was only the second hit off Don Gullett, the phone in the bullpen seemed to ring before the batter had reached first base. Clay Carroll ran out to the bullpen mound. He began to throw hard immediately, cranking into top gear—the slap of the ball into the mitt loud enough in the uproar from the stands to turn heads along the bullpen fence to see who was responsible. It takes a starter 20 minutes to get ready, it takes a reliever like Carroll 10 pitches.

In the seventh Gullett finally got himself into irreparable trouble, filling the bases with no one out and Carl Yastrzemski coming to the plate. Sparky Anderson made his move; the bullpen was going to get its chance to show everyone how it could control things. The electric cart fashioned like a baseball cap (the maintenance men in Fenway refer to the machine as "The Cap") wheeled out to the bullpen fence to fetch Carroll. But he emerged from the bullpen gate and ignored the cart; he started for the distant pitcher's mound on foot—first a slow amble, then striding off with increasing speed, breaking into a trot and finally into a run. It is a habit he has cultivated over the years (he has been a reliever since 1964) to get his adrenaline going, speeding everything up by degrees, so that as he gets close to the infield he is moving along at quite a clip. His teammates have speculated that with a long approach, such as the distance between the bullpen and pitcher's mound in Milwaukee, Carroll would get himself revved up to such a fearsome speed that he would run right past the mound, over his manager and the catcher standing there, and fetch up in a tumble in the dugout beyond.

Once on the mound, Carroll, as if exhausted from his sprint, did the unforgivable: he walked in a run. Anderson yanked him immediately. The Cap appeared from its runway under the stands to pick up Will McEnaney, a young fireballing lefthander with corn-yellow hair, at the bullpen fence.

McEnaney is among the more superstitious Reds. He won't budge from his seat on the bench if things are going right for his team. He usually walks in to the pitcher's mound when he is called; but because Carroll before him had walked (and run) to his doom, McEnaney accepted a lift in The Cap—anything to break up an unlucky progression.

On those rare occasions when he rides in, McEnaney likes to talk to the drivers. He fell into conversation with the driver of The Cap. He started off by saying that he was surprised how well behaved the fans were—why in Dodger Stadium they threw large objects that thudded against the roof of the car on the way in—mentioning this as he leaned out of The Cap and inspected the park like a visitor in a tourist bug.

McEnaney thanked the driver for the ride and walked toward the mound. He is very careful. He must not step on any lines. Anderson was waiting for him. He said, "The bases are loaded. Nobody out. Just go into your full windup." He handed McEnaney the ball. He struck out his first man, but then Rico Petrocelli singled two runs in. The game was gone.

The Red Sox bullpen barely budged. Luis Tiant breezed through. As every American schoolboy knows, it was the first game completed by a starting pitcher in the World Series since Steve Blass of the Pittsburgh Pirates did it in 1971.

continued

NOW YOU CAN TAKE A BLOODY MARY JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE.



And what a Bloody Mary!
It's made with tangy tomatoes, special seasonings, and Smirnoff® Vodka—THE CLUB Bloody Mary. Complete in a pop-top, quick-chill can. You don't have to add a thing. And you can take it anywhere.

So before you take off, be sure you pack THE CLUB Bloody Mary.

It'll make any place you go a better place when you get there.

THE CLUB® BLOODY MARY 25 PROOF ©1975 THE CLUB DISTILLING CO. HARTFORD CT MENLO PK CA

THE CLUB. A GREAT DRINK ANYWHERE.


SMIRNOFF
SILVER®
THE SILVER MARTINI.
FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT A SILVER LINING WITHOUT THE CLOUD.
SMIRNOFF SILVER. NINETY POINT FOUR PROOF. SMIRNOFF LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS.®
SMIRNOFF SILVER® VODKA 90.4 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS (DIV OF HEUBLEIN INC.) HARTFORD CONN.

OCT. 12 Rain. The upper reaches of the Prudential Building half a mile beyond the outfield wall were shrouded in it. The umpires called the game for 27 minutes, with the Red Sox ahead by a run. The dugouts emptied and the teams went back under the stands to their clubhouses. Out in the bullpens the players sat under the sheds and watched the rain slant down. The Reds pitchers began ragging at the attendant assigned them, a man of considerable girth and a large schnozzle who had been christened the Beer Man by the Chicago White Sox when they had come through earlier in the summer. He was in the bullpen to keep the fans from climbing over the bleacher fence. Poor Beer Man. Perhaps he had brought it on himself. The day before, taking his first look at the Cincinnati players arranged on the bench as if prepared for a group portrait, he had called out to them, "All right, when I say 'three,' everybody smile."

For two days they had been after him unmercifully: they stole his transistor radio, they popped bubble gum behind his ear; they got him on his pants leg with a stream of tobacco juice. They marveled at his physique: they asked him when his chest had dropped to his knees. They said they would take him back to Cincinnati with them, but they doubted they could squeeze him into the plane's luggage compartment. He took it all with good grace, wearing the gentle smile of one who rather enjoys being a target.

One of the Reds did not join in the fun—Fred Norman, a veteran starter, who sat up on the bench under the shed and looked out over the merriment at the gray landscape. He was wondering idly what was going on in the Cincinnati clubhouse, what his team was doing in there . . . remarking to himself that the rain was probably a good thing because it would give his teammates time to make the small mental adjustments that would bring back to the field a team slightly superior to the one that had gone in when the rain started. He thought of it as a near chemical reaction going on in there, like a fusion process, and then he began wondering about Bill Lee, the Boston lefthander who had pitched such a fine game so far, and what the wait was doing to him. He suspected that Lee, too, was thinking about the Cincinnati people sitting in the locker openings down in their clubhouse and how they were gearing themselves up to get at him. At that moment he felt almost sorry for him.

In fact, Bill Lee was sitting in the clubhouse staring at Henry Kissinger. The Secretary was in Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's party at the game. He was accompanied by a Secret Service agent who had intrigued those in the vicinity of the VIP box behind the Red Sox dugout by wearing a fielder's glove on each hand, presumably to be doubly sure of protecting the Secretary of State from a low drive. People wondered how much he knew about fielding a baseball, and they were also somewhat puzzled as to how he intended to perform if called upon to handle a gun.

When Kissinger arrived in the locker room during the rain delay, Lee thought he was Fred Lynn's father. "Well, actually, Lynn's dad's got a thinner face," he said. "So I looked more carefully and I realized who it was. He was wearing a Red Sox cap. We've had some remarkable people in the clubhouse. Juan Marichal once brought in the smallest man in the world, a Rumanian midget from the Barnum & Bailey circus. He looked as though he had appeared out of a first baseman's glove, just opened it up and trotted on out. We talked to the midget, but no one talked to Kissinger. He sat on the autograph table and swung his legs back and forth and no one knew what to say to him. I kept wondering what he was thinking about, a man with all that on his mind, and having to spend four hours watching a baseball game in the rain. He finally went into the men's room. The Secret Service man went in there first—to peek in the stalls to make sure that no one was going to leap out at the Secretary."

When the rain relented, the players came out, and in the ninth Bench doubled off Lee. The pitcher did not blame his letdown on Kissinger. He felt that perhaps his lack of concentration was caused by the greeting he had received when he went back to the mound. "Every time I get a standing ovation the guy up hits a rope off me," he said.

Bench had doubled with such authority that Darrell Johnson, the Boston manager, came hurrying out of the dugout and gave everyone a chance to look at the Boston bullpen in the form of Dick Drago. The Cap went out to fetch him. On the way to the mound the driver offered Drago a tablespoon to clean the mud from his spikes, a somewhat more substantial utensil for the purpose than the tongue depressor, which the groundkeeper provides and was lying out beyond the pitching rubber.

Drago never had time to collect enough mud on his spikes to use the depressor. Despite such anguished cries as "Throw him the lasagna pitch" from the stands, Dave Concepcion singled Bench home to tie the score, stole second and then came home on Ken Griffey's hit.

If there was a war between the bullpens, both had wobbled when called upon in each of the games. The Series was tied going out to Cincinnati.

OCT. 14 In the old Cincinnati ball park, Crosley Field, the Reds' bullpen was built into the ground like a military bunker, and the relievers could not see unless they stood up. No one could see in, either, which meant that a ballplayer could escape criticism for not paying attention; he could take a doze back in there. Perhaps with thoughts of such dereliction of duty in mind, the designers of Riverfront Stadium eliminated bullpens per se. The relievers sit together at the far end of the dugout and when the word comes, the pitcher steps out and warms up between the stands and the outfield lines. A third member of the bullpen crew stands with a glove behind the catcher, who has his back to home plate, in order to protect him from foul drives.

One of the apparent disadvantages of the bullpen being absorbed by the dugout is that the relievers cannot exercise by roaming around a bullpen enclosure; they try to keep loose by hanging by their fingertips from the outer rim of the dugout roof. Sometimes several do it at the same time so that they resemble a row of gibbons. But most of the relievers enjoy the arrangement. At the very least, as Rawly Eastwick points out, they can see what's going on and feel more a part of a team effort.

Eastwick is the young rookie star of the Cincinnati bullpen (he had won the second game in Boston), a young man of disarming frankness. He says he has never been nervous or frightened about anything in his life, his pulse rate would be the same if he came in to relieve with the bases loaded and the game tied, or if he had a six-run lead. He is absolutely convinced he is nerveless. In a crucial moment at Boston, Joe Morgan had come running in from second base and said, "If you get uptight, step off and take a few breaths." Eastwick said later, "Well,

continued

I don't really know what he was talking about."

Someone asked him if he would be frightened by meeting a gorilla in a dark alley, just coming around a corner and seeing such a thing. Wouldn't that give him a turn? Eastwick thought it over. "Well, I don't know for sure," he said somewhat querulously, as if he knew what he was going to say would be treated skeptically. "Frankly, I don't think so. I've never been in such a situation, but I have confidence in myself. Besides," he concluded with appealing ingenuousness, "I used to wrestle in high school."

Eastwick picked up his second "W" of the Series tonight (players refer to a win as a "W"—the "Big W" is winning the Series itself) but he did not feel at all comfortable about it—especially about the Dwight Evans home run off him that had tied the score in the ninth inning. In postgame interviews a pitcher usually gives credit in such cases to the batter's prowess rather than blame his own shortcomings ("I had the pitch right where I wanted it, but then he . . ."). Eastwick is an exception. He could not help castigating himself. "It was a terrible pitch," he said. "It was the poorest fastball I've thrown all year. It was high and inside, just where Evans likes it. In fact, if Evans hadn't hit it out of the park, he should've been ashamed of himself."

Eastwick was standing with his family outside the clubhouse after the game, his father looking at him gravely. "I knew it was going to happen," the son was saying. "I had no concentration when I was warming up. The ball wasn't moving at all. I didn't have my fastball, velocity-wise. As a matter of fact, I had—if you really want to know—an overall feeling of lousiness."

"Why the hell couldn't you tell Sparky Anderson that and spare us all the drama," someone asked.

"Pride," he said. "No one would ever do that. I've got too much pride to go up to Sparky Anderson and tell him a thing like that."

"You've raised your son all wrong," someone said to the elder Eastwick.

OCT. 15 Before the game Larry Shepard, the Cincinnati pitching coach, was talking about Sparky Anderson's practice of relieving his pitchers with such dispatch. "He doesn't believe in a pitcher struggling through," Shepard was saying. "He doesn't give him a chance to get into trouble. We've got such a great bullpen that it's silly not to maneuver the way we do. Of course, times come up when I second-guess him, and I want to reach for him as he's going up the steps to take the pitcher out. Would I actually ever do that? Good night, *no*."

Shepard has great affection for his relievers. "Aw, anyone can start a ball game. But a pitcher must have a very special temperament to relieve. He's got to be high-strung and yet he's got to combine this with great poise and self-control—after all, he's coming into an inning which has been damaged. Relievers are different. We don't even allow starters out there in the bullpen unless they are ordered to go. That's the relievers' territory and we don't let anyone impinge on it. They're very special people."

His counterpart on the Red Sox, Stan Williams, was saying that the makeup of the relief corps had changed somewhat over the years, that the reliance on such fireballers as Dick (The Monster) Radatz, who came in and simply blew down the opposition, had shifted to the specialists who threw what he referred to as "freak pitches," such as the sinker, which was an especially effective weapon of the Red Sox' Jim Willoughby. Williams began musing about the paragon of these pitchers, Stu Miller of the Orioles, who threw a variety of soft junk so bewildering that Williams remembered Elston Howard of the Yankees waving at a pitch with such an erratic, desperate swing that he wound up clubbing home plate on his follow-through. "He was so fooled that he just beat down on that pitch like he was trying to swat it," Williams said with a laugh. "Miller was just a master of deceit, a real Van Gogh. Walter Alston once assured his players that they could really crowd the plate against Miller, that he couldn't blacken a guy's eye with his best fastball. 'So crowd the plate.' Well, Norm Sherry went up there, crowded the plate, and Stu Miller broke his wrist with a fastball.

"But I'll tell you one thing, the nicest sort of reliever—I don't care if he's Stu Miller or how good he is—is the one who just sits out there and the situation never comes up to where you have to use him."

Williams' responsibility that afternoon was Luis Tiant, looking for his second win. Williams went out to see him in the fifth inning. Tiant told him, "I no pitching good with my right foot"—the Cuban's rather startling manner of revealing that he was having trouble with the rotation of his hip during his pitching delivery; his right leg was dragging slightly.

Darrell Johnson came out to see him in the ninth, the noise of the enormous crowd beating down as the Reds mounted their last rally. Tiant was weakening (he had thrown more than 150 pitches), a situation in which Sparky Anderson across the way would surely have called on his bullpen. Johnson told Tiant he had a lefthander ready. Tiant said, "I want to pitch." Johnson let him. The count went to 3-1 on Ken Griffey. Back in the dugout Johnson stared at the wood floor. Griffey hit a high fly to center field, pulled in over his shoulder by Fred Lynn, who said afterward that he was so weak with fright that he almost could not raise his arms for the ball.

The lefthander in the bullpen Johnson had referred to was Jim Burton. His catcher, Don Bryant, was perhaps the most frustrated player on the Boston team during the high drama of the ninth inning, since he had his back to the proceedings and could not turn even for a quick peek over his shoulder. He tried watching Burton's face to gauge what was happening. It was an alarming practice. Burton would glance over, his eyes widening at what he saw, his jaw dropping perceptibly, and then he would turn back and churn himself into a frenzy of warmup pitches. "He was as white as a sheet and he was throwing BBs," Bryant said of him later.

But then, suddenly, as he was in his crouch, Bryant saw Burton look up to the sky, his face light with relief and he knew a pop fly had been hit. He turned around to see it come down into Yastrzemski's mitt and watched him take a big hop of exultation toward Tiant.

OCT. 16 Gullett's great game. He had a two-hitter going into the ninth and a five-run lead. But then Yastrzemski and Carlton Fisk singled, and out came Sparky Anderson, stutter-stepping to avoid touching the foul lines. A voluminous chorus of boos went up from the fans who assumed that their hero Gullett was going to be lifted. The crowd had good cause to think so. In 1972 Gullett was pitching a no-hit game against the Dodgers in the late innings. There was no score in the game. Then Anderson decided to take him out to rest

continued

National Car Rental deflates rates.

$13.95 a day*

No mileage charge.

On GM's new Chevette or a Vega or similar-size car. Just pay for the gas used and return car to the renting city.





$13.95 a day*

14¢ per mile.

On a car like a Chevy Nova; just pay for the gas you use. Ask us about one-way rentals.

$15.95 a day*

Plus mileage charge.†

On a car like an Olds Cutlass or a Buick Regal; just pay for the gas you use. One-way rentals available.

†Mileage rates vary from city to city—check mileage rate when you call for a reservation.



National has lowered rates on all size cars to save you money.

What else do you get from National?

We feature GM's great new '76 cars. Our Maintenance Check List assures you—in writing—of a car in top condition. And we offer S&H Green Stamps on U.S. rentals.

Call our toll-free number for a reservation (reservations on popular economy cars like the Chevette are subject to availability).

*These "deflated" rates available at most National locations and are non-discountable. Rates subject to change without notice. ©National Car Rental System, Inc., 1975 (in Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar).

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL®

Call 800-328-4567 toll free. (In Minnesota and Canada call 612-830-2345 collect.)

him up for the playoffs. "Let's get him out," he said to Larry Shepard. Shepard said, "But Sparky, he's got a no-hitter." According to Shepard, Anderson said, "Oh yes," and shrugged his shoulders and let Gullett stay in, but only until Dodger Shortstop Bill Russell hit a flare down the line and the no-hitter was gone. "That's like him," Shepard said. "He doesn't believe much in the priority of the individual."

This time, though, it was Anderson's intent to let Gullett stay in. He said to him, "You've got much better stuff than that. Look here, I don't see anyone around here who can hurt you. You've got runners on first and second. Let 'em move up. You pitch better from the full windup. So let the runners go and forget pitching off the stretch."

He turned back for the dugout. He was not in there long. Gullett, perhaps esthetically disturbed at the thought of letting the runners move up a base without being challenged, continued to pitch from the stretch and gave up a double to Fred Lynn that scored a run. There were not so many boos when Anderson appeared and waved in Eastwick. The youngster took just three pitches to dispose of Rico Petrocelli and finish the game.

The Boston relief corps, typified, perhaps, by Dick Pole, who came in from the bullpen and threw nine pitches, of which only one was a strike, had not fared so well. He was quickly removed, but rather than give up the ball to Stan Williams, who had come out to make the pitching change, he took a few little jig steps and tossed the baseball in a stiff-armed basketball hook shot at George Maloney, the home-plate umpire, who caught it and automatically, despite his surprise, began turning it in his hands to look for scuff marks. It was not as excessive a gesture of disgust as occurred on the famous occasion when Walter (Boom Boom) Beck of the old Dodgers, rather than give up the ball to his manager, wound up and hit the Lifebuoy billboard in Philadelphia's Baker Bowl, which was a very long toss from the pitcher's mound, indeed. But his act puzzled even Pole himself. "I don't know why I did that," he said in the locker room, staring down numbly at his toes. "A form of frustration, I guess. Why would I revert to basketball? I played it in high school, but I wasn't any good at it."

OCT. 21 The smoking has stopped in the Fenway bullpens. The word came up from the dugouts; no more of it. The relievers sit dutifully along the top bench. Curiously, it is impossible for those on one bench to tell who is warming up in the adjacent bullpen. Even from the dugout it is difficult to be sure. Often Darrell Johnson rings the bullpen phone to ask someone to peer around the partition to see who the opposition has getting ready on the other side. In the bottom of the fourth inning the Red Sox put two men on base and Cincinnati called on Jack Billingham and Clay Carroll to warm up. Bill Lee, out in the bullpen to loosen up in preparation for a possible seventh game, took a look and reported to Johnson over the phone.

"Who they got up over there?" his teammates asked him from the bench.

Lee is not a man to give a simple answer. He made the bullpen crew, perched in front of him on the top of the bench, try to guess from his elaborate pantomime. "Charades," he called to them. "Now pay attention." For Clay Carroll he collapsed on the clay-dirt surface around the bullpen pitcher's mound, pointing at the soil, and from this hint the bullpen, though two Clays (Kirby and Carroll) were in the running, picked the right one. For Billingham, Lee touched the bill of his cap, for the middle syllable he chose the adjectival form of a common cussword, narrowing it down with hand gestures to the "ing," and for "ham" he rushed to the bench and pointed at Reggie Cleveland's thigh—Cleveland being one of the more portly representatives of the relief corps—all of this carried on with extravagant gestures, Lee capering about in front of the bench like a berserk orchestra leader.

Lee left the bullpen after he had loosened up, and rejoined the team in the dugout. He would have had a busy evening of pantomiming had he stayed, for there was a parade that barely left an observer time to pick out the characteristics of the pitchers. Clay Carroll's plowman stride around the mound; the odd prance at the end of Pedro Borbon's delivery, the boyish face of Rawly Eastwick, pale as chalk in the lights, and how his hand drifted up to push down the bill of his cap as if to shut out the sight of Carbo's home run landing in the bleachers. One speculated how a rookie would survive that one ghastly act that not only wiped away a fine chance to be the Series MVP —he had won two games and saved another—but now had set him up as the Series goat.

They came from the Boston bullpen, too—Dick Drago; Roger Moret, the spindly Puerto Rican with the lovely fluid motion who blew quick little pops of bubble gum as he worked, the pink vivid for just an instant against his dark face; Rick Wise, who held his glove in front of his face as he prepared to pitch, seeming to peer into it as if he had an inspirational message taped to the fingers.

The Cincinnati bench sent out all but one of its pitchers, Sparky Anderson relieving them and pinch-hitting for them at such a clip that by the end of this remarkable game he had put 12 men into the ninth spot of his lineup, the first time that many veteran scorecard keepers could remember such a thing. Finally, of the staff, only Clay Kirby was left out in the bullpen, sitting up amongst the red cold-weather capes strewn along the bullpen bench where they had been dropped by pitchers as they were called out. When Fisk's 12th-inning home run hit the foul pole high down the left-field line to end the game, they suddenly became symbols of futility. Kirby beat his fists down in frustration, and then he and the bullpen catchers began collecting the capes from along the bench.

OCT. 22 Game 7 brings out Bill Lee for Boston. Not always a starter, he had been one of the characters of the Boston bullpen. He was noted for his industriousness out there: he made sculptures and constructions from the flotsam tossed into the bullpen, a famous one made entirely of fruits, largely bananas. There was always a lot to choose from, from beer cans to platform shoes. Lee had talked about the ingredients necessary in a good relief pitcher. "Well, you need a big set of adrenaline glands," he said, "preferably as large as basketballs." He went on to say that even more important was the relief pitcher's mental outlook, the power of mind over matter. Lee is very interested in occult religions. He began to fantasize about the potential of a Tibetan priest coming out of the bullpen. "Now those guys can sit naked in the snow at 18,000 feet and they have such powers of mental discipline that if they put their mind to it, hell, they can generate enough heat to melt snow for 20 feet around." His eyes shone with the thought. "Now you put that Tibet-

an priest on the mound, naked or not, with a baseball in his palm, and he'll take that power of concentration and make the ball disappear and then materialize down the line in the catcher's mitt. *There's* my idea of a relief pitcher."

Lee threw one blooper pitch too many to Tony Perez, who put it out of the park for two runs, and developed a blister in the seventh inning, so the Boston bullpen was called upon. It did not fare well. The Cincinnati batters not only saw their pitches, but pounded them to remote parts of the playing field.

On the other hand, Cincinnati's bullpen, emptying as usual like a rush-hour elevator—Billingham, Carroll ("Get the Hawk up," came the voice on the bullpen phone), and then McEnaney—performed with such distinction that Boston was unable to score after its early three-run success off Don Gullett.

Forgetting the two home runs hit off Eastwick (the rookie was beginning to work up a smile, just the trace of one, after his horrendous experience the night before), the Cincinnati relievers had allowed only 20 hits and eight runs in 31⅔ innings. Will McEnaney was the last of them. He has an odd premonition when the phone rings and he is told to get ready. It is not that he is going to get in trouble once he goes into the game, but that when he takes his first warmup pitch his arm is not going to work, like turning an ignition key in an engine and having nothing happen. He knows that if his arm does not feel right he must start a whole procedure he calls "locating," throwing pitches to spots, in and out, until the arm begins to come around, if indeed it does.

"I never worry about batters," he says. "I know what they *can't* do. This guy can't hit a curve, so I'm going to challenge him with a curve. Now it's true that he can hit a home run, but a pitcher can't think things like that; he's got to drive such thoughts out of his head—so that if anything like that happens, it comes as a great surprise."

In the eighth inning McEnaney was asked to get ready. He checked out the arm and discovered it was functioning. He put it to work in the ninth inning, retiring two pinch hitters and, finally, Boston's talisman and captain, Yastrzemski, bringing the Series to an end. He was not surprised by anything the Boston batters did. A Tibetan priest could not have done better. **END**

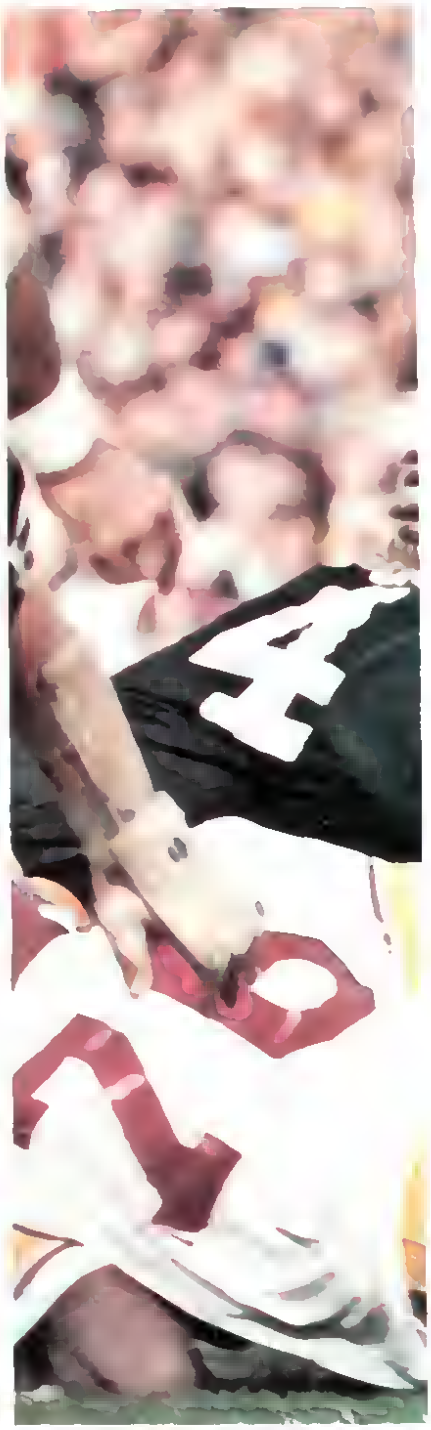


To get your "Collector's Set" of six 9-oz. Dry Sack on-the-rocks glasses, send $5.00 to Dry Sack Glasses, Dept. I, P.O. Box 1385, Trenton, N.J. 08607

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOILS

The latest in a long line of outstanding USC tailbacks is Ricky Bell, a workhorse who carried the ball 40 times to help the Trojans beat Notre Dame

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR

Near midnight something fundamental stirred in John McKay—probably the room-service chicken, or the needling telephone call that got through from a Notre Dame fan—and, amused, the USC coach stumbled out of bed, went to the motel-room door and opened it. He was met with a whoosh of cold air. "It's raining," he said. "Well, why shouldn't it? I'm in South Bend. It always rains and gets cold when I come to South Bend." He went back to bed and pulled the covers over his pajamas.

"I guarantee you it'll rain tomorrow, and be 40 degrees," he said. "Ah, USC-Notre Dame. No other game like it in college football. I know I won't be able to sleep until I decide whether to take the wind and let our guy kick it into the seats and scare hell out of 'em, or squib-kick it and recover on their 38 and let Ricky scare 'em.

"It's Notre Dame's homecoming. Biggest pep rally in the world. Good. I hope it's Knute Rockne's birthday, too. I hope they bring out all the ghosts. I guarantee you none of 'em is going to stop Ricky Bell. Oh, we'll show 'em a couple of *Saturday Evening Post* plays to make them think a little, but even if they hold him to six yards in 30 carries, Ricky will make 'em pay for every inch. They'll wish they'd never seen him. I hope they don't start a fight, which is what usually happens here, because he's one guy they don't want to fight. I love Ricky Bell, but I wouldn't want to fight him."

After that it did not rain in South Bend and did not get down to 40 degrees, though it was getting there fast by kickoff and finally made it by nightfall. And instead of brushing up on their *Saturday Evening Post* plays, the entire USC coaching staff sat in McKay's room on Saturday morning giggling at *Ghost Busters* on television. Which, as McKay pointed out later, was not inappropriate.

And then McKay, after winning the right to choose, chose not to kick off with the wind but to receive against it. And Ricky Bell got in a fight with absolutely nobody. And he did not make six yards. He made 165 yards. In 40 carries. And if anything, he was more punishing on the 40th than he was on the first.

In the long history of Notre Dame-USC bloodletting no Trojan player ever carried the ball so often so far. And no other back in John McKay's 16 years at USC ever gave that lyric man such an opportunity to recycle his good lines.

Q. Why do you make Bell carry the ball so much?

A It's not heavy.

Alternate A Why? Is he in a union?

Q What do you say to your fullbacks when they tell you they'd like to carry the ball, too?

A I tell them to come to my office on Tuesday and I'll let 'em carry one.

And, finally, in a game fraught with extraneous issues (Was John McKay going to Tampa to coach the new pro team? Yes, said the Los Angeles writers, already kissing him goodby in their columns), USC beat Notre Dame 24–17. The outcome more or less substantiated what McKay has been saying lately—that Richard Lamar (Ricky) Bell is per-



Ripping away from a Notre Dame tackler, Bell shows why he is such a punishing runner. As the game wore on it was the Irish who wore out.

haps the greatest runner in the country.

Bell has already broken USC's single-game rushing record (with 256 yards vs. Duke), is leading the country in rushing (1,233 yards in 217 carries) and is averaging 176 yards a game, a pace that would put him past Ed Marinaro's season record of 1,881 yards. He is carrying the ball almost as often as the rest of the USC team is carrying and passing and catching it. He will, says McKay, "do anything to help this team. He'd play linebacker tomorrow if we asked him."

McKay had, in fact, asked Ricky to play linebacker as a freshman. Ricky said sure. As a sophomore last year, he was asked to play fullback. Swell, "as long as I make the traveling squad." By year's end, McKay was comparing him with Sam (The Bam) Cunningham. Then, in the spring, when a shortage arose, Bell was moved to tailback—the position of Anthony Davis, O. J. Simpson and Mike Garrett before him. "At USC being the tailback is an honor," says Bell.

Under McKay being the tailback is also a load. USC tailbacks do not get time off for good behavior. They get to carry the ball one more time. Last summer Bell went to an Army-Navy store and bought some boots. He could be found at 5:30 every morning slogging on the beach at Playa del Rey. At night he unloaded

continued



Enjoy smoking longer ...without smoking more.

Saratoga 120's. Rich, full-flavored cigarettes tailored longer and slimmer than 100's. You get extra smoking time, extra smoking pleasure, without smoking more cigarettes. Cost no more than 100's. Regular or menthol, crush-proof box.



Saratoga 120's

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1975

freight in a meat packing plant to increase his strength and stamina. He carried a ball around with him "to get used to holding it."

Dave Levy, the USC defensive coordinator, says he thinks he knows what it must be like looking at Bell from the other side of the barrel, "all arms and elbows and knees. He runs like a blacksmith. He attacks. He's a linebacker playing tailback. Our guys call him Mad Dog. They yap when he carries the ball." Another coach says that Bell does not have O.J.'s great speed or Garrett's moves, but he grinds into you, bouncing as he hits, and then moves forward again, finding small cracks and fissures, slashing through, busting tackles, always moving forward. "From O.J. you got finesse, from Ricky Bell, fractures."

But off the field, a pussycat. "Everybody likes him," says McKay. One of seven sons of a Houston bellhop, Bell went West with his mother and two brothers nine years ago. As a youngster he helped solve family financial problems with stints as a school custodian and as a $1.65-an-hour playground assistant in the neighborhood just north of Watts. His mother gave him an ear for music (brother Archie has a rock group called The Drells) and a Baptist's compassion for people. "I never had the urge to beat people up," Bell says. "I stayed away from fights." He won't even spike a ball. "It's not my style."

Bell didn't have the urge to go to USC until he saw O.J. running for a touchdown on television and found out he was doing it two miles down the road at the Coliseum. "I didn't even know where the Coliseum was," he says. When Assistant Coach Willie Brown came to see him, Bell, defensive end-fullback for Fremont High, was wearing a jersey with the number 00. The 00 "went to the meanest man on the team," he says. "That was me." Brown was wearing a USC national championship ring. "I saw it," said Bell, "and I said, man, I want one of those. Now that I've got one, I wouldn't mind a couple more."

Comparisons with O.J. are inevitable. Like Simpson, Bell is a handsome young man with a strong face, is pleasantly outgoing and instinctively modest, and wouldn't mind at all changing those "$1.65-an-hour days" to "$1.65 a second." Last fall he switched his major to speech so he could "talk to you media guys." But the comparison with Simpson pleases him "only in the sense that it's a compliment to be mentioned in the same breath." As a runner, Bell is certainly his own man—he does not have Simpson's sliding, gliding style, but at 6'2", 215 pounds probably delivers a heavier blow in an unavoidable collision. At the same time they both seem to get stronger as a game progresses, and though Bell doesn't mind "giving a guy a piece" when he gets the chance, he prefers "the paths of least resistance."

Against Notre Dame, his paths were meant to lead as far as possible from Steve Niehaus, the celebrated 6'5", 260-pound tackle. Or to take Niehaus on wild-goose chases. With greater use of motion to influence the Notre Dame roverback and a deeper set (by a yard) for Bell on sweeps to the outside, McKay hoped to wear out the big Irish linemen, knowing there wasn't a whole lot else he could do with Niehaus, who plays so well and so recklessly. "He's like the guy with the pet gorilla," said McKay. "Somebody says, 'Where does he sleep?' The guy says, 'Anywhere he wants to.' "

From the beginning the pattern was a familiar one with Bell slowly warming to his task. On his first carry he fumbled and scrambled to recover. In his first five he gained only six yards, and was dropped by Niehaus for a three-yard loss. On its second offensive formation Notre Dame swept in front on Al Hunter's 52-yard run and every time Bell carried he was mobbed by blue shirts. Bell's longest run in the first half was 10 yards. "He's a marked man," said McKay. "So what else is new?"

In pinching down with their ends, stunting their linebackers and converging on Bell like wolves on a hunt, the Irish sacrificed themselves in other areas. "What else could we do?" said Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine. USC Quarterback Vince Evans caught the Irish massing for Bell on first down at the Notre Dame 21 in the second quarter and threw a strike to Shelton Diggs on a crossing pattern to put USC ahead 7–6, the Irish's extra-point try being deflected.

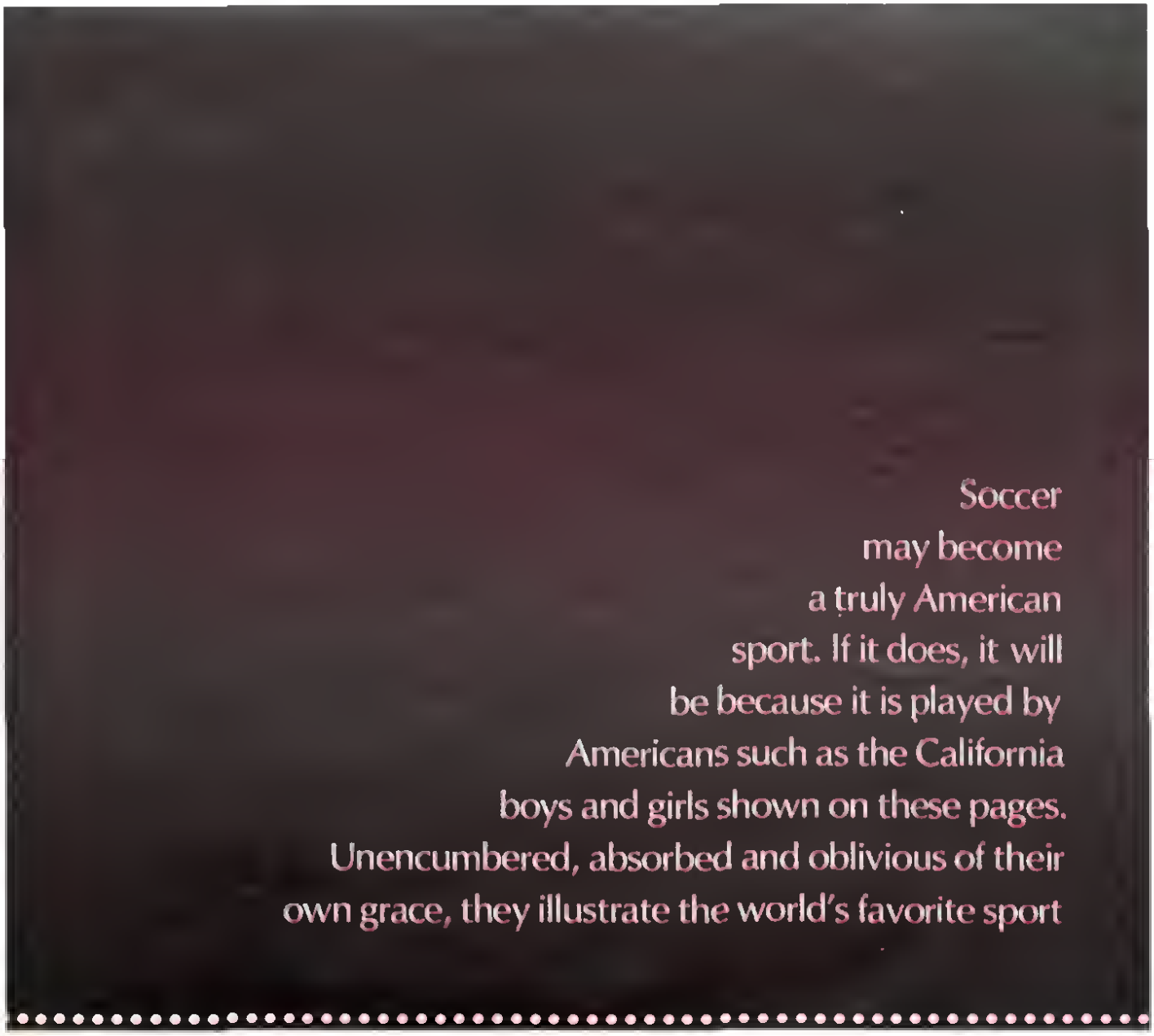
Bell had gained only 65 yards in 25 carries in the first half, and Notre Dame had blocked a punt and gone ahead 14–7. But two plays had been run that were harbingers of bad times for the Irish. The USC fullback is a 6-foot, 225-pounder from Hawaii named Mosi Tatupu, who is a fine blocker. McKay personally recruited him ("I go for the ones in the tough areas—Honolulu, Palm Springs, Las Vegas") and isn't ashamed to let him carry the ball now and then. Like Bell, Tatupu is a punishing runner.

In each of the two times he got the ball in the first half Tatupu gained more than 10 yards on a play USC calls a 25-slam. Against a five-man front the blocking is head on, and when the Irish linebackers stunted outside the tackles to jam Bell's lanes, the middle guard alone had to handle Tatupu and the center. Mosi, on a direct handoff, read the block and went to the other side, and the room he had in two plays was about as much as Bell had in 25.

Bell's two-yard run tied the score in the third quarter. If you could say a two-yard run is awesome, then Bell's was. At the line he was sealed off. He made a stutter step to the right, then cut back left and plunged headlong into a swarm of blue, somehow slicing between the tackle and end and ramming Safetyman Tim Simon into the end zone. Bodies moved under Bell's onslaught. Especially Simon's, which weighs only 170 pounds.

By the fourth quarter, attrition had taken hold. The tough, seasoned USC defense kept Notre Dame at bay save for a brief spurt when a field goal put the Irish ahead 17–14, and midway through the period the Trojans put together their most impressive drive of the season. With Tatupu getting big slabs of yardage on slams inside, the Irish began to hesitate ever so slightly before pursuing outside. And here came Bell on the power sweeps, on which he has the option to cut back at any time and run for delight. But he didn't. He strung them out, and was able to turn the corner and get one on one with the deep backs. He ran 19, 12 and 11 yards as the Trojans drove 71 in a little more than four minutes to their winning touchdown. Evans got it on a keeper left after faking to Bell inside. An interception moments later set up a USC field goal that was the wrapping.

McKay thus finishes with a 8-6-2 record over the Irish, if you are to believe his advance departure notices. Right now he is understandably mum. He is in good position for his fourth straight Rose Bowl and, on a 12-game winning streak, has better than an outside shot at his fifth national championship, which would break his tie with Bear Bryant and Frank Leahy. With folks like Ricky Bell to help in the harvest, it is a nice position to be in. **END**



Soccer
may become
a truly American
sport. If it does, it will
be because it is played by
Americans such as the California
boys and girls shown on these pages.
Unencumbered, absorbed and oblivious of their
own grace, they illustrate the world's favorite sport

The Joys of Discovering a Grand Old Game




MEAN MA
2





Everybody Gets To Play

In early September a handpicked team of youthful California soccer players, none of them over 18, toured Lower Saxony in West Germany, playing seven teams of like age in three weeks. The Californians surprised everybody by beating opponents from Braunschweig, Goslar, Hanover, Barsinghausen, Oldenburg and Wilhelmshaven before losing to a statewide all-star team.

The match in Hanover's World Cup stadium was an exhibition before the main professional event—Hanover vs. Hamburg—and therefore was played in front of 64,000 German soccer fans. The goalie for the California team, Scott Mosher, a 17-year-old from Portola Valley, made three point-blank saves with his face and body in the first five minutes of the game, and the German spectators began to chant "*Torwart, Torwart*" ("Goalie, Goalie") and the German players kicked the ground in disgust.

Scott Mosher would certainly never have been savoring cheers in Hanover and might never have played soccer at all if it had not been for the emergence in the mid-'60s of AYSO, the American Youth Soccer Organization, the first body to attempt a grass-roots approach to the Americanization of the game. AYSO is an after-school-and-Saturdays soccer league based in Torrance, an incorporated part of Los Angeles, with 3,959 teams in California and 153 more in Hawaii, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, Kansas, Michigan and Connecticut. It is operated along the lines of Little League baseball and Pop Warner football, but with a different and refreshing approach.

In AYSO "Everybody Plays." Those two words are the organization's motto, its philosophy, its cardinal rule and its bumper sticker. Every child on every team plays a full half of every game. "Everybody Plays" is the main reason AYSO has grown from nine teams in 1964 to 4,112 teams this year. It has attracted children who would not have dared to try out for Little League because they were shy or clumsy, and it has attracted the parents of shy and clumsy children. It has appealed to girls who were excluded from other after-school sports, and it has drawn adults who saw soccer as a superior sort of exercise for their offspring.

For every three children enrolled in AYSO, there is also a volunteer adult involved. They form a small army of referees, coaches, assistants, team mothers and administrators. They see themselves as pioneers, and their enthusiasm is infectious. Charlotte Ethington is coach of a team of little girls called the Torrance Teddy Bears, which won the state championship in its division last April. "It's hard to talk about the kids without getting emotional," she says. "Some of them would never make it in any other sport, and they're *playing*. Candee Heard over there wouldn't even play at recess before. She couldn't even run. Now she plays." Candee's father, who has been listening, chimes in. "It's helped her coordination," he says. "It's helped in everything."

The Teddy Bears' best player last season was 10-year-old Inside Left Judy Fick. She was 4'5", weighed 65 pounds and scored 54 goals. Judy Fick is the kind of player who gets "redistributed" in AYSO soccer. At the end of each season the coaches rate their most experienced players on a scale of 1 to 5, and the top two or three from each team of 15 are shifted to other teams in their immediate area to keep the competition balanced.

Dynasty building is frowned upon in AYSO, and so far, obstreperous parents are not a significant problem. "We may acquire a few more lemons as we grow," says Hans Stierle, the president and founder of AYSO, "but I'm positive the percentage won't increase. The lemon hazard is not very bad. Adults in our organization know enough to allow a child to go out and have a good time and kick a soccer ball and not care whether he scores a goal or not."

Like everyone else in AYSO except for four secretaries and a recently hired executive director, Stierle is a volunteer. The day is now past when he prepared AYSO's mailings with one hand and with the other drove the Harbor Freeway from his graphic-design business in Torrance to clients' offices in downtown Los Angeles. Still, he and an eight-man board of volunteer directors administer a program involving 60,000 people and $1 million. And the program continues to grow.

Stierle looks forward to the day when youth soccer will be organized on a national level and groups with principles closely allied to AYSO's will compete for national titles. With a gleam in his eye he says, "Can you imagine what will happen in the next 10 years when the 60,000 AYSO players become parents and encourage *their* offspring to play soccer? We'd better start looking for stadiums large enough to accommodate the fans."

—Sarah Pileggi

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

By WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE SERIES WAS A PRIME TIME



HARRY COYLE CALLED THE SHOTS ON FISK'S HOME RUN

The director of this year's World Series coverage by NBC-TV sat in the basement of his Wayne, N.J. home one morning last week and pored over a sheet of statistics provided by his network's research department. When Harry Coyle came to the estimate of the size of the audience for last Wednesday's seventh Series game, his eyes popped. "Wow—71 million viewers for a prime-time sports event is incredible," he said. "And the researchers claim that 367 million watched the Series. You should only be able to get numbers like those out of China."

If the Nielsen ratings on the Series, which will be released within the next two weeks, match NBC's figures, Game 7 will be recognized as one of the two most watched sporting events ever telecast in the U.S., equaling the audience attracted by the reigning champ, Super Bowl IX. But more surprising than the huge numbers for the seventh game is the fact that they occurred during prime evening hours, when viewers supposedly prefer situation comedies, dramatic series and variety shows to sports. If the estimates are confirmed, they also will be convincing rebuttal to the opinion, widespread on Madison Avenue and in executive offices of the television industry since the mid-1960s, that baseball is too dull or too slow to attract an enthusiastic audience, or is not as videogenic as other sports and thus cannot excite the nation as it once did.

The main reason this Series was able to prove that the country's attention could still be riveted on baseball was because of the prime-time telecasts. As a result of the rains that forced the postponement of Games 6 and 7, which originally were scheduled to be played in the daytime two weekends ago, for the first time five Series games were on television during the evening. While this prompted traditionalists to grumble about baseball becoming a "studio game," the public response was overwhelmingly favorable. And because this occurred, sponsors, promoters and the networks will have to rethink their old assumptions about both baseball and prime-time sports telecasts.

The games were a godsend for NBC. Its ratings during the two weeks of the Series jumped dramatically, an important factor in the tight three-way race with CBS and ABC to attract the largest prime-time audiences. In 1974 CBS beat NBC by .9 of a rating point for the entire television season. Although 9 might not look like much to baseball statisticians, it meant that CBS made an estimated $17.5 million more in advertising dollars than NBC. Baseball's overall image also was helped by the size of the Series audiences, and the immediate benefactor of that could be ABC, which next season will broadcast 16 Monday night games, the All-Star Game and the championship playoffs. There is justice in that. ABC was the first network willing to gamble that sports could establish a toehold in the prime hours. It was a very shrewd bet.

Some of the remaining doubters about prime-time sports claim that the huge audience for Game 7 occurred only because the dramatics of Game 6 briefly turned viewers on to baseball again. But what accounts for the fact that Game 6 had a huge audience (estimated at 62 million) of its own?

The sixth game was one of the best ever played, and NBC rose to the occasion with perhaps the best baseball telecast ever put on the air. Coyle deserves much of the credit for that. At 53, he has worked in more trucks than the entire cast of *Movin' On*. When he started directing televised baseball games in 1947, he received $65 a week and could not afford to have a TV set in his home. "They cost about $500 then, and I didn't have the money," he says.

Before this year's Series, Coyle, Producer Roy Hammerman and Executive Producer Scotty Connal submitted a list of 25 technicians to the network. "They were all top people, true experts," says Coyle. "When we got 24 of them, we couldn't believe it. NBC really backed us."

Another smart move by NBC was putting a permanent camera position in the left-field scoreboard at Fenway Park for the sixth game, replacing a hand-held camera that was used intermittently in the wall during Games 1 and 2. Having a camera there for the entire game enabled the TV audience to enjoy one of the memorable moments of baseball history.

"Lou Gerard, the cameraman in the scoreboard, was fighting off rats in there most of the night," says Coyle. "He had to keep one eye on the game and another out for rats. When Fisk hit the ball toward left field nobody could tell if it would be fair or foul, so it was great for us when one of our cameras got a good shot of it hitting the pole. And while we were showing the flight of the ball, I glanced over and saw what the scoreboard camera was showing and couldn't believe it. Fisk was trying to use body English to get the ball to stay fair. Then he started to jump up and down and circle the bases. That type of shot is a director's dream. It was a once-in-a-lifetime play and, because of the camera in the scoreboard, we had coverage that was equal to it."

Because NBC had to drop 17 regular prime-time shows to keep the Series on the air, the network suffered a loss in advertising revenues. But shots like the one of Fisk and the insights that the Series rendered about baseball and nighttime sports telecasts turned the games into something that will profit the networks—and fans—in the long run. END



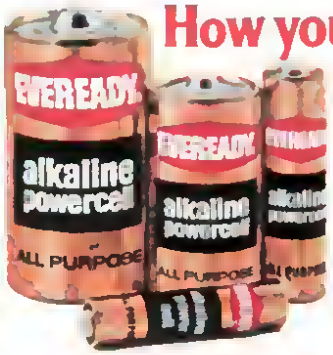
How to get more power for flashlights, toys, transistors...for a few cents more.

Some people use flashlights, toys, radios a lot. Some people use them a little. And some are in between. That's why we created the "Eveready" Heavy Duty, the "in-between" battery. In between, because for just a few cents more, it gives you far more power in heavy use than ordinary flashlight batteries. Yet it costs far less than alkalines, our longest-lasting power source. The "Eveready" Heavy Duty Battery. It's a lot of power for the price.

Here's a flashlight that's waterproof, and it floats–the "Eveready" "Skipper".



Sportsmen have been using our big floating *lanterns* for years. So we thought they'd like a *flashlight* that floats, too. That's why we designed the "Eveready" "Skipper". It not only floats. It's waterproof. Rust-resistant. And has a tough, high-impact plastic case. So don't worry about dropping it in the water or on the ground. What's more, there's a highly reliable, long-lasting push-button switch that's self cleaning. The "Eveready" "Skipper" is one of the toughest flashlights we've ever made. Probably the best looking you'll ever see.

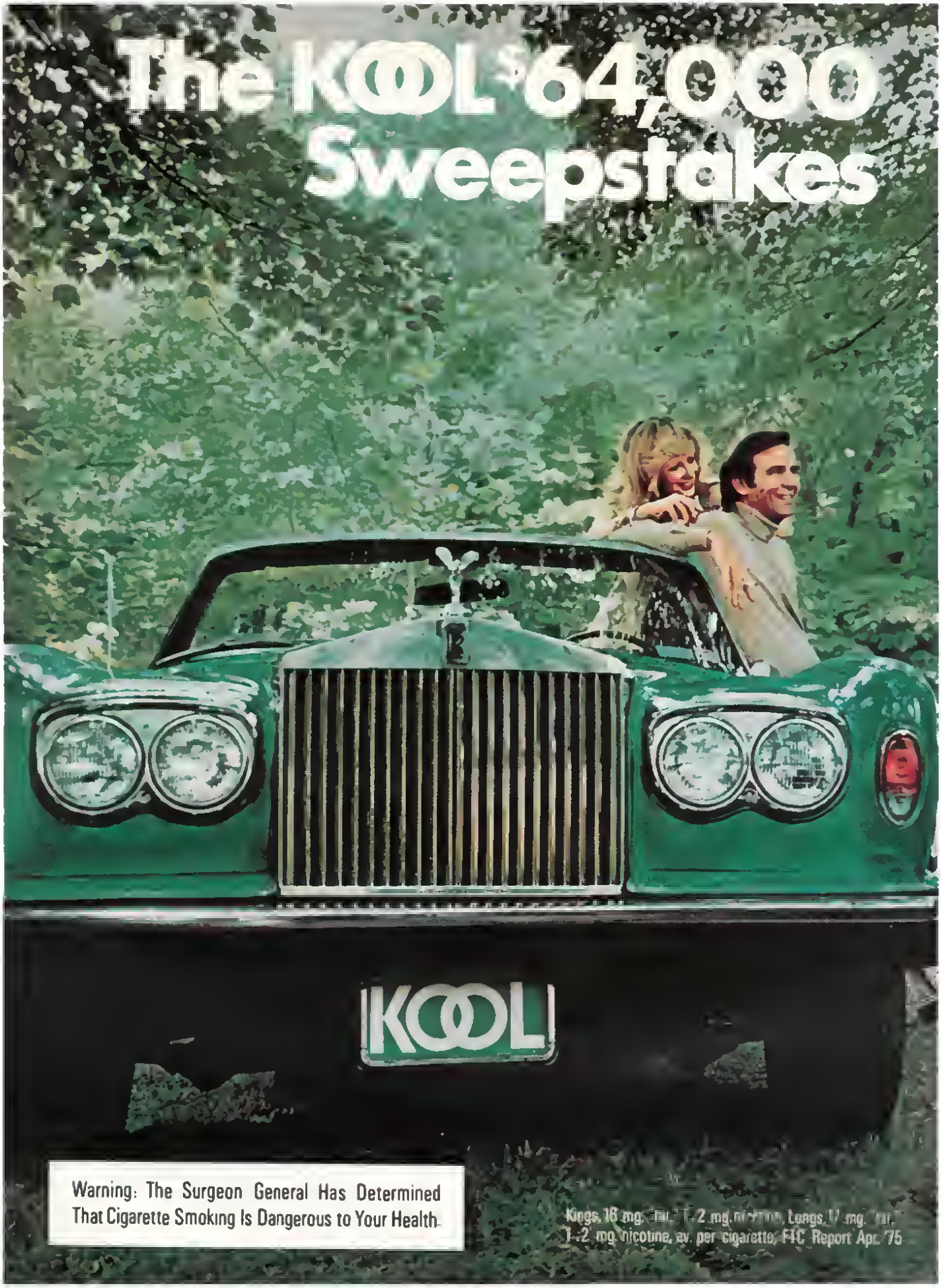


How you can save $1 on our longest-lasting, all-purpose power system.

When you need batteries for high-energy devices such as movie cameras, cassette recorders, electronic flash units and calculators, get "Eveready" Alkaline Power Cells. Our best, all-purpose power source. They're also our most expensive, but you can't buy a longer-lasting power system. So, in the long run, they may save you money. Your "Eveready" dealer can show you how they *will* save you $1–with a refund offer–when you buy the specified number of specially-marked packages. How's that for value!

Eveready wants you to know

UNION CARBIDE


The KOOL 64,000 Sweepstakes
KOOL
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings, 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75



Win

The coolest car in the world from the coolest cigarette in the world.

Win a $64,000 Rolls-Royce Corniche

There's no cigerette in the world that tastes like KOOL. And there's no car in the world like the elegant Rolls-Royce Corniche in cool green. Complete with every luxurious eccessory standard on a Rolls-Royce. To be eligible, just follow the simple instructions below. If yours is the entry selected in the sweepstakes drawing, you'll be driving the coolest car in the world, compliments of KOOL Cigerettes. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

THE KOOL SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES:

1. To enter the KOOL Sweepstakes, print your name, address and zip code on the official entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL Sweepstakes, P.O. Box SS, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter as often as you like but each entry must be mailed separately. 2. Each entry must include two empty packs of Kool or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have hand printed the words, "COME UP TO KOOL." To be eligible, entries must be received by Dec. 31, 1975. 3. The Grand Prize—a 1975 Rolls-Royce Corniche. No substitution for the prize. 4. The winner will be selected in a random drawing conducted by an independent judging organization, the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on the prizewinner will be the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 5. Sweepstakes open only to residents of the U.S., including Hawaii and Alaska, who are 21 years of age or older. Employees of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliated companies, advertising agencies, B. O. Keen & Co., and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.



KOOL
Sweepstakes
P.O. Box SS
Chicago,
Illinois 60677

Please enter me in the KOOL Sweepstakes.
I certify I am at least 21 years of age.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

There was a time when certain values prevailed in America.
Like dependable workmanship. Quality materials.
And honest return for money spent.
They're not so easily found these days. But we still build them
into every Pendleton. And have for more than five generations.
Pendletons. Original designs in coordinated colors,
all made from the ultimate: 100% virgin wool.
Styled for the way you live today.
But made to last well beyond tomorrow.



PENDLETON USA

From our Contemporary Collection: plaid shirt, $27.50; slacks, $32.50; sweater, $22.50; jacket, $85; tweed slacks, $42.50. For further information, write Dept. CS, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97207





The enemy lives up the road

In-state rivalries like Tucson's and Phoenix' are frequently the finest

The type of political, educational and social confrontation that can generically be described as U vs State has enlivened the American scene ever since somebody decided it would do no harm to extend the blessings of higher education to residents west of the Atlantic coastal plain. Pennsylvanians, Mississippians, Michiganders, Iowans, Kansans, Oklahomans, Texans, Oregonians and Washingtonians, among others, have been entertained and or enraged as these two classes of schools struggle for financial, academic and, especially, football supremacy. Though in some places the passion has cooled in recent decades, it is still a hot issue here and there. And in Arizona the U vs. State rivalry is very big at the moment.

To appreciate what has been shaping up in southern WAC land, some mention must be made of the two communities that house the antagonists—Tucson (the University of Arizona) and Phoenix-Tempe (Arizona State University). Tucson was established in 1776 as the Royal Presidio of Tucson by the Spanish. Even today, despite a fairly heavy overlay of mobile homes and fast-food joints, the city retains a certain feel of its antique and colonial past.

In contrast, nobody found reason to invent Phoenix until 1864 and when people did they initially gave it the fairly undistinguished name of Smith's Station. Phoenix (as it became known a few years later) has matured into a major commercial and industrial center of the Southwest, a busy place where a 10-year-old shopping center, comparatively speaking, has a lot of tradition. Generally, the relationship between Tucson and Phoenix is similar, both physically and emotionally, to that between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Both Arizona communities got institutions of higher learning in the 1880s. Tucson's was to become the University of Arizona, which began turning out lawyers, bankers, publishers and scientists, the kind of people who run a state. Phoenix, or its suburb Tempe, got the Territorial Normal School (later to become Arizona State), which began producing mostly teachers, the people who, figuratively, work for the state.

Around the turn of the century both schools began playing football, but again Tucson seemed to get the best of it and maintained the advantage for the next half century or so. From 1899, when the series began, to 1975 the U's were up on the States by a 28-20 count.

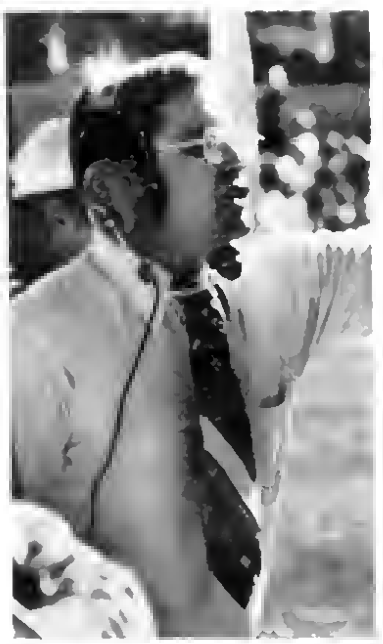
In 1958 the academic and athletic worlds of Arizona were turned upside down. First off, a lot of State graduates began to agitate to have their school also designated as a university. Regents, legislators and others of the power structure—mostly made up of University of Arizona lawyers—said it was a bad idea. Thus thwarted, the Phoenix crowd got its proposition on the general ballot and touched off what is still remembered as one of the bitterest and most expensive campaigns ever staged in Arizona.

Among those involved on the State side was a 28-year-old ex-Michigan State All-America guard by the name of Frank Kush, who in 1958 had taken over as the Arizona State head football coach. Kush recalls putting up pro-State posters in southern Arizona towns and having them immediately ripped down by irate U of A alumni.

Kush turned out to be much better as a coach than as a poster poster. In the crucial 1958 election-year game his charges zapped the University of Arizona 47-0. Says a still embittered U man, "State's real argument was that their football team had kicked hell out of us, so they deserved to be a university." This might not be the strongest of academic reasons but it may have carried some weight with the electorate, which subsequently voted 2 to 1 in favor of creating Arizona State University.

So certified, Kush and his Sun Devils commenced a football reign of terror, not only in Arizona but in the Western Athletic Conference as well. With a reputation as a ferocious disciplinarian and terrible loser, Kush in 17 years posted a 146-39-1 record (fourth-best among active major-college coaches), produced four bowl teams and enough professionals—including such notables as Charley Taylor, Curley Culp, J. D. Hill, and Woody Green—to stock a small NFL division. As for Arizona U, Kush is 12-5 against the school down in Tucson.

continued



JIM YOUNG MARSHALLS THE U
HIS RIVAL AT STATE IS FRANK KUSH



Perhaps in mulling over what could be done about the old Michigan State guard up in Tempe who was brutalizing them, the U people may have asked themselves, "Who beats Michigan State?" and come up with the answer, "University of Michigan beats Michigan State—at least since Bo Schembechler." In any event, in 1972 the U hired Dave Strack, the University of Michigan's associate athletic director, as their own AD. Shortly thereafter Strack hired Jim Young, a Schembechler assistant, as head coach of the Wildcats.

Young is quiet and intense with a kind of Midwestern button-down style, big on self-improvement and the Positive Mental Attitude kind of thing. "It is not so much that we are trying to duplicate a Michigan system," says Young of his Arizona adventure, "but we'd like to establish the same aura for football here. The people in Tucson have been very responsive toward what we are trying to do."

In part, that responsiveness can be credited to Larry Smith, Young's chief recruiter and another ex-Michigan assistant coach. "We are doing a lot more recruiting nationwide than the U of A used to do," he says. "We came here with some good contacts in the Midwest, western Pennsylvania and California. Outside of Arizona we don't seem to bump heads too much with those people at State. They go after pure speed a lot of the time, somebody who can break open a game with one big play. We concentrate on the consistent performer. I suppose in a way what we have tried to bring in is a Big Ten-type ballplayer."

Within Arizona, the U and State recruiters definitely bump heads. "Arizona high school football has improved a lot since I've been here," says Frank Kush. "We've got 11 starters from the state this year. [The U of A has eight starters from Arizona, including standout placekicker Lee Pistor.] Still there are not enough for both of us.

"But I'll tell you this, the way they've turned it around in Tucson may be a good thing. Before, if we beat them, everybody said 'So what?' Now the game is big outside the state as well as inside. That's good for the football image of the whole state. But I am not going to like it if we don't keep on kicking their tail."

You do not, of course, turn a Wildcat, much less a pussycat, into a Wolverine overnight, but Young and his Michiganders have come close. In their first year, 1973, with essentially the same team that had gone 4-7 the previous season, they finished 8-3. However, Kush continued to have his good time, kicking the U's 55-19. Last year, for the first time in a decade, the U's took the States, Tucson beating Phoenix 10-0 and finishing with a 9-2 record overall.

All of which set the stage for football '75 in Arizona. What with the Ann Arbor crowd taking over Tucson and Kush keeping the East Lansing image in Tempe, the consensus was that Arizona had indeed become Michigan West. All sorts of pleasant benefits were predicted. At the very least it was thought the State vs. U game on Nov. 29 that finishes both teams' regular season would decide the WAC title and who would host the Fiesta Bowl. There was even some griping that the WAC had become the Little Six and the Big Two (guess who).

Going into last weekend both State and U were unbeaten. More surprising, considering that until a few years ago Arizona was regarded as being part of the unimproved football wilderness lying somewhere between the Southwest Conference and the Pac-8, both schools were nationally ranked. ASU was regarded as the 11th-best football team in the country and the U of A only a bit behind as the 13th.

Many if not all things seemed possible, but some funny things happened on the way to the Nov. 29 showdown. On Saturday night in Tempe, Kush's men were held scoreless during the first half by a weak (1-5) University of Texas at El Paso team. The Sun Devils came to life in the last 30 minutes to score a 24-6 win, hardly the kind to improve a team's ranking.

Down the road in old Tucson, things were much much worse. Looking like a team deeply preoccupied with preparations for the Fiesta Bowl, Young's Wolver-cats ran into one of those rifle-armed quarterbacks who regularly appear in the WAC. This one plays for the University of New Mexico (2-4) and is named Steve Myer. During the course of the afternoon he threw for 351 yards and four touchdowns. Despite some heroics from their own gunner, senior Quarterback Bruce Hill, who completed 21 of 34 pass attempts for 406 yards and two TDs, the U's went down 44-34.

It was the kind of game people in the WAC always seem to be playing. By no streteh of the imagination was it Big Ten football. Well, maybe Iowa-Indiana football, but that is not exactly the kind of thing Jim Young has in mind. It is possible, but not certain, that off the weekend the bunch up in Phoenix might get passing marks from Duffy Daugherty. However, it is a cinch that Yost, Kipke and even Schembechler would not care to be associated with those ultra-high-yardage doings down there in old Tucson.

THE WEEK

by MIKE DELNAGRO

WEST UCLA tightened the Pac-8 race by beating California 28-14 as Bruin Quarterback John Sciarra accounted for three touchdowns and Running Back Wendell Tyler rushed for 143 yards. Chuck Muncie gained 126 and established a new career rushing record for Cal, which, by losing, missed an opportunity to lead the conference for the first time since 1958.

Saturday's 54-14 victory over Washington State settled nothing in the continuing controversy over who should play quarterback for Stanford. Mike Cordova was in the game long enough to toss an 11-yard touchdown pass to Ron Inge and run 16 yards for a score. His understudy, Guy Benjamin, then passed for 107 yards and two touchdowns.

Oregon State, described as "the worst 0-6 team in the country" by a Portland sportswriter, proved that Beaver fans can believe some of the things they read by bowing 35-7 to Washington. Oregon upheld the state's honor by defeating Utah 18-7.

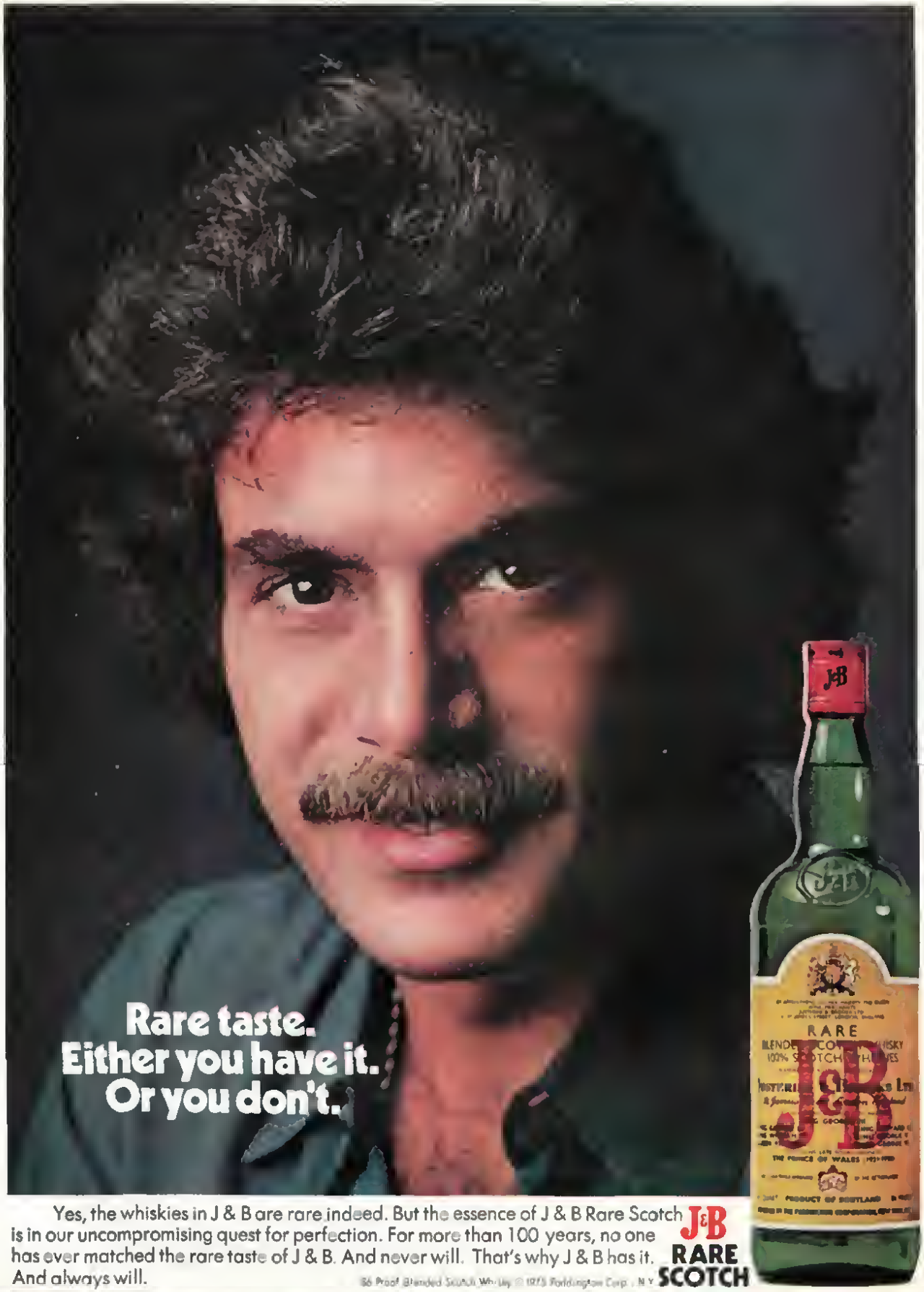
The New York Times ran a headline that read: COLORADO STATE 47, AIR FORCE -10. Falcon Coach Ben Martin felt no better about the real score of 47 to 10. Brigham Young beat Wyoming 33-20.

1. USC (7-0)
2. Arizona State (7-0) 3. UCLA (8-1-1)

SOUTH Alabama had no business even scrimmaging a poor non-conference foe like Texas Christian, which had the nation's longest losing streak at 16, let alone playing the Horned Frogs in Birmingham. Bear Bryant used 12 different running backs in the 45-0 slaughter. Florida, co-leader in the SEC, whipped Duke 24-16 as Fullback Jimmy DuBose scored three touchdowns. Tackle Mike Wilson recovered a fumble in the end zone to help Georgia to a hard-earned 21-13 victory over Kentucky.

Tennessee was upset by North Texas State 21-14 when Tailback Sears Woods returned a kickoff 98 yards for a touchdown after the

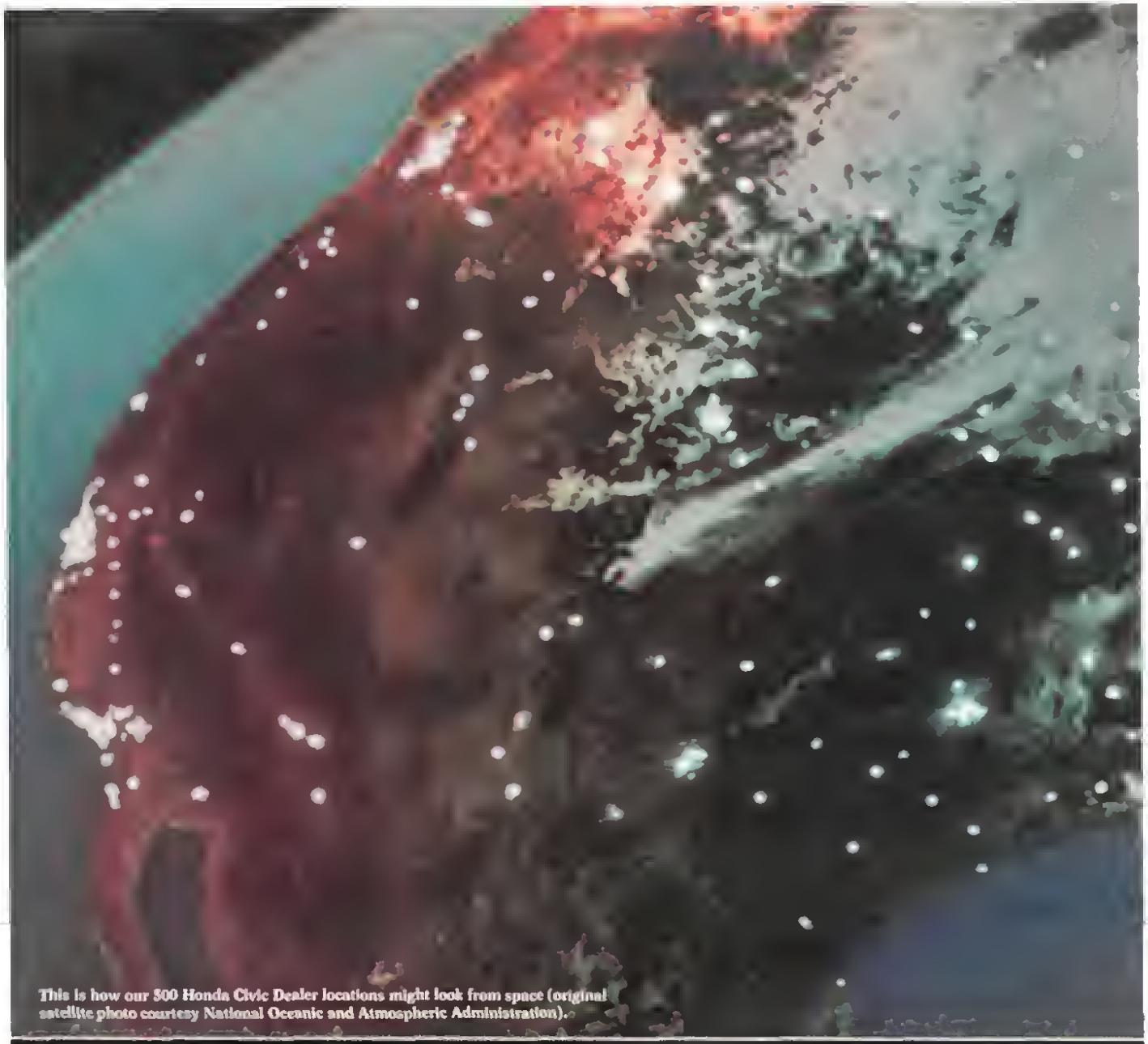
continued



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

J&B RARE SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



This is how our 500 Honda Civic Dealer locations might look from space (original satellite photo courtesy National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration).

The most important adver

A Candid Discussion of the Changing Meaning of the Automobile in America

The automobile in this country will never be the same. Say goodbye to those gas-eating giants that were once the symbol of affluence and manhood in America. That symbol is being discarded. Do not lament its passing. Today there is a new symbol: the highly-functional, good-mileage car. It is the symbol of the new American: intelligent and thoughtful of the world he inhabits.

Our car, the Honda Civic CVCC* with its remarkable Advanced Stratified Charge Engine, is one of the major forces that is helping change the automobile.

This makes us happy.

Our Goal

It is our goal to bring to the world the most practical car for the greatest number of people at the best price. We designed the Civic along these principles. So notice. Our car is shorter than most. Also notice. It is remarkably roomy and comfortable.

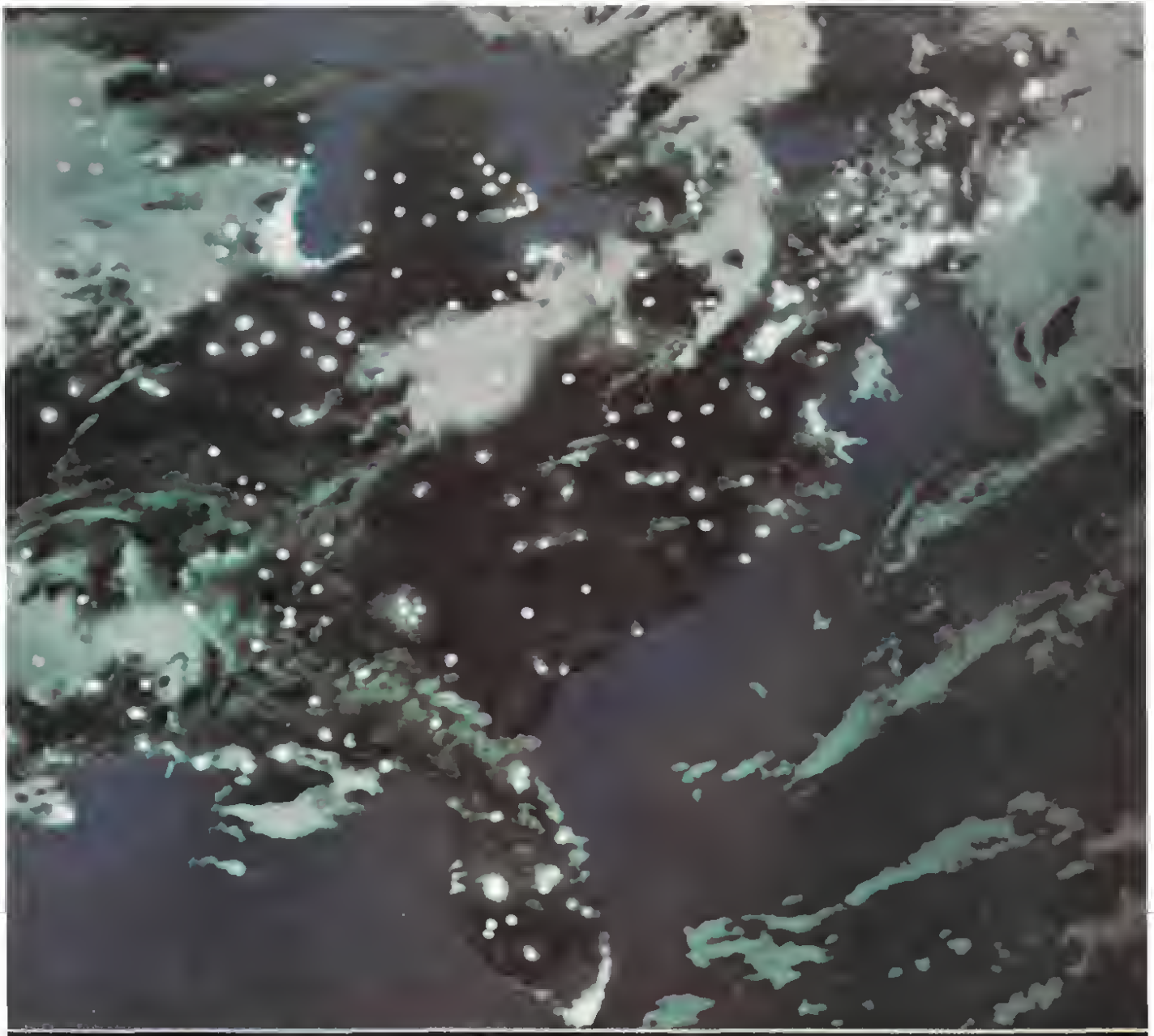
Efficiency is a good word for the Civic concept.

The Civic is also designed to overcome pollution. Study our CVCC* engine. It conquers excess pollution without the addition of a catalytic converter.

And because Honda is an engineering company, our cars are able to meet pollution standards while building in an outstanding combination of excellent gasoline mileage and brilliant performance.

That means the Honda Civic, known to most people as an economy car, is also a driver's car.

These features have meant unprecedented growth for the Honda Civic. When 1975 started, we were the 12th largest-selling import in the country. Today we are fourth* with almost double our sales of last year.



tisement you may ever read.

Our 500 Dealers

There is another key reason for the Civic's success: over 500 dealers coast-to-coast.

500.

In size our dealer group is large enough so that you as a Civic owner can find a Honda dealer when you need one. Yet our dealer network is small enough so that we can work with every one personally. Each dealer is hand-picked. Our parts and service programs are designed to fully equip each dealer so that owning a Civic is the pleasure it was meant to be. Look at the map above; chances are there is a dealer close to you.

Our Request

We urge you to test drive the Civic at any of our dealers. And since your opinion is the test of our dedication, we would appreciate hearing from you concerning our car and dealer organization. Please address all letters to: Cliff Schmillen, Auto Field Sales Manager, American Honda Motor Co., Inc., 100 W. Alondra Blvd., Gardena, CA 90247.

Thank you for reading this lengthy message.

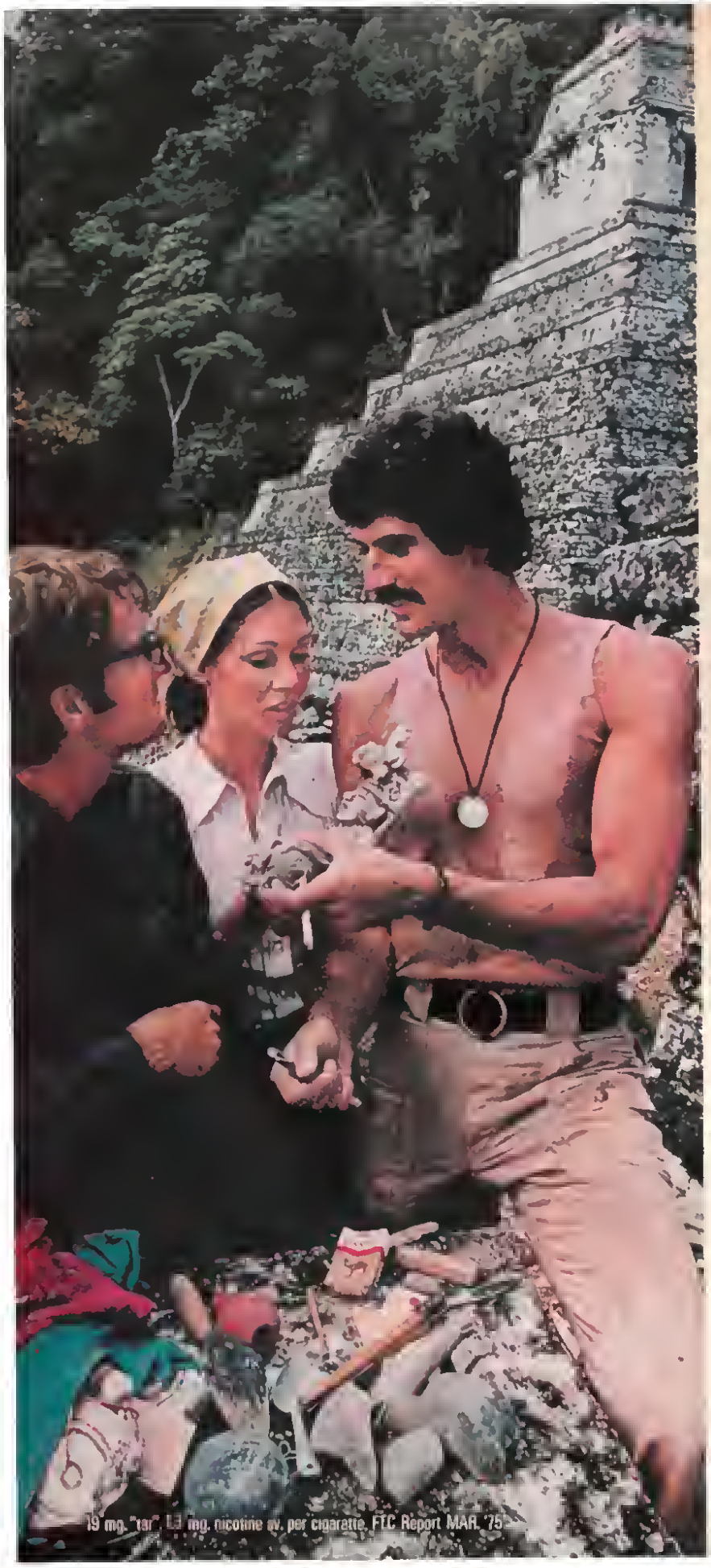
*Jan.-Sept. '75.

CVCC and Civic are Honda trademarks.
©1975 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



HONDA CIVIC

What the world is coming to.



19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

One of a kind.

He searches for what most men do not even know exists.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vols had tied the score in the fourth quarter. Woods scored the Eagles' other two touchdowns on runs of six and three yards.

Neither Mississippi nor Vanderbilt had sense enough to come in out of the rain. The two teams fumbled 13 times in Ole Miss' muddy arena, but the Rebels came out ahead 17–7 by putting together two long scoring drives. Beaten by four Top 20 teams this year, LSU's once proud Tigers took out their frustrations on South Carolina 24–6. LSU Tailback Terry Robiskie registered 109 yards in 26 carries and scored a pair of touchdowns 11 seconds apart in the third quarter. Mississippi State defeated Louisville 28–14.

With ACC leader Maryland idle and Duke beaten by Florida, the rest of the ACC was at war. Wake Forest, a cellar dweller the last three years, guaranteed itself a higher spot in this year's conference standings by routing Virginia 66–21. North Carolina State belted Clemson 45–7 and East Carolina walloped North Carolina 38–17.

1. Alabama (6-1)
2. *Florida* (5-1) 3. Georgia (5-2)

EAST

Favored by a couple of touchdowns, Pittsburgh anticipated a happy homecoming against Navy. True, the Middies had yielded an average of only 178 yards a game but, as Panther fans rightly figured, Navy's was a statistic accumulated against opponents offensively inferior to Pitt. Instead of cheers, what the Panthers got was a lesson that good, proved offense does not always beat good, unproved defense, as Navy limited them to 223 total yards and held doggedly on a fourth-and-goal to win 17–0.

Playing with a broken thumb, Navy Roverback Chet Moeller personally shut off two Pitt scoring threats, recovering a Tony Dorsett fumble on his own 16 in the first quarter and then intercepting a pass at the Navy 17 while the Panthers struggled to come back in the last quarter. Navy scored its touchdowns on a pair of long drives, Bob Jackson plunging over from the three and Gerry Goodwin, who had 109 yards, from the two. Dorsett finished with 122 yards to become the eighth leading rusher in collegiate history. "I don't care," said Navy Coach George Welsh. "Just so he didn't score a touchdown."

Temple showed signs of life, drubbing Delaware 45–0. So did Syracuse. Trailing 12–14 with 1:29 to go, Dave Jacobs kicked an 18-yard field goal and 47 seconds later, teammate Larry King scored on a 35-yard pass interception as the Orangemen upset Boston College 22–14.

Harvard gained sole possession of first place in the Ivy League by whipping Dartmouth 24–10 while Penn, a 10-point underdog, knocked off Princeton with a 24–20 victory. Crimson Quarterback Jim Kubacki threw TD passes of five, 14 and nine yards to Bob McDermott and ran for another 107 yards. Yale's 55-yard, fourth-quarter drive dumped Cornell 20–14 while Brown and Columbia each suffered non-conference setbacks, the Bruins 21–20 to Holy Cross and the Lions 41–0 to Rutgers.

Penn State rolled over Army 31–0 despite four fumbles inside the Cadet 10-yard line. "We're playing defense as well as any team we've had since 1969," said Coach Joe Paterno. Representatives of the Cotton and Sugar bowls, on hand for the game, did not need to be told.

West Virginia ended a two-game losing streak by nipping Virginia Tech 10–7.

1. Penn State (7-1)
2. West Virginia (6-2) 3. Navy (6-2)

MIDWEST

With 8:26 left and the ball on the Purdue 38, Ohio State's Cornelius Greene broke a huddle and said, "O.K., let's say a little prayer and get those yards." Then he handed the ball to Archie Griffin, who took off behind Tackle Scott Dannelley, cut inside and rambled to the 15, a historic 23-yard gain that gave Griffin a four-year total of 4,730 rushing yards, 15 more than the NCAA record set in 1969 by Cornell's Ed Marinaro. Out of the game jogged Archie, and finally the Ross-Ade Stadium crowd of 69,405 had reason to cheer. By then the Buckeyes had devastated the hometown Boilermakers, scoring on Pete Johnson's 60-yard run on State's first play from scrimmage and building a 35–6 advantage that did not change.

Like Ohio State, Michigan kept its Big Ten record untarnished, throttling Indiana 55–7, its 40th consecutive home game without a loss. Minnesota and Wisconsin, as expected, defeated Iowa and Northwestern 31–7 and 17–14 respectively, but Michigan State, ranked 16th, lost when an aroused Illinois battled back from a 13-point deficit in the third quarter to win 21–19.

Nebraska, 6-0 going into a Big Eight clash with Colorado, was fourth in the rankings and wondering what it had to do to move up. "We need to take a good team and stick it to them," said Tight End Brad Jenkins. Colorado started quickly, as Quarterback Dave Williams rambled for a 74-yard touchdown on the third play of the game, but then came the avalanche. Vince Ferragamo lofted a 42-yard scoring bomb to Bobby Thomas. The next drive took 2:24 and six plays. Before the end, Colorado had fumbled seven times and seven different Huskers had scored, Anthony and John O'Leary getting two TDs apiece as Nebraska rang up a shocking 63–21 win.

Oklahoma ran its unbeaten string to 36, dumping Iowa State 39–7 in a game exciting only for those guessing who would fumble the ball next. The Sooners did 13 times, losing six, while the Cyclones had six fumbles.

continued

English Leather Soap on-a-Rope. One Man. One Scent.

Why shouldn't the rest of you smell as good as your face?

Shower-up with English Leather Soap-on-a-Rope. That way you'll have that clean honest scent of English Leather all over.

And our soaps are hard milled. Which means they last a long time. So you'll have that great English Leather scent until you've nothing left of the soap but the rope.



Shower Soap $2.50

Available in Canada

MEM COMPANY, INC. Northvale, N.J. 07647 © 1974

and lost four. Tony DiRienzo booted his 10th field goal of the year, a Sooner record, and Oklahoma finished with 392 total yards, but in the dressing room things were gloomy. "If fumbling's a disease," said Quarterback Steve Davis, "we have it."

Missouri whipped Kansas State 35–3 and Oklahoma State, preparing for Oklahoma next week, thumped Kansas 35–19.

Defending MAC champ Miami (Ohio) climbed out of a 10-point hole to take previously unbeaten Bowling Green 20–17. The Falcons outgained Miami 153 yards to 70 and had 11 first downs to the Redskin three, but two Bowling Green fumbles helped Miami off the hook. "They're as good a team as we've played," Miami's Dick Crum admitted. "We were lucky to get out of the first half alive."

1. Ohio State (7-0)
2. Oklahoma (7-0) 3. Nebraska (7-0)

SOUTHWEST

Students of Darrell Royal know that he thinks the best time to pass is in wet weather. Thus, regardless of the potent Texas wishbone, loyalists were not surprised when Quarterback Marty Akins uncorked a 23-yard pass to End Alfred Jackson during the first touchdown drive and a 43-yarder to Jackson on the third drive as Texas drummed Rice 41–9 with an attack as relentless as the rain that fell on Memorial Stadium throughout the game. The Longhorns rang up a 27–3 advantage by halftime, scored a quick third-quarter touchdown and then turned matters over to the reserves. Halfback Gralyn Wyatt scored the first three TDs on runs of nine, three and eight yards and Akins hit three of eight passes for 74 while his backup, Ted Constanzo, completed four of seven for 84. "Marty was especially sharp," Royal said. "He lateraled off for five touchdowns, and to me that's like five touchdown passes."

Texas A&M all but eliminated SWC defending champion Baylor with a 19–10 victory that stirs interest in the Aggies' Nov. 28 clash with Texas. With a record Kyle Field crowd of 53,693 urging him on, Lester Hayes, a 6'2", 205-pound junior defensive back, grabbed a Baylor fumble in midair in the third quarter and sloshed 77 yards to the touchdown that broke a 7–7 tie. It was a hit by Tank Marshall and Ed Simonini that caused Baylor Quarterback Charlie Parker to give up the ball. "I watched to see if there'd be a pitchout," Hayes said. "Suddenly there it was, right in my hands." Added Hayes, a former state 220 champ, "I knew they'd never catch me."

Texas Tech snapped a four-game losing streak, downing SMU 37–20, while Arkansas, featuring Ike Forte's first pass completion off the option, his 142 yards rushing and two TDs, walloped Utah State 31–0.

1. Texas A&M (7-0)
2. Texas (6-1) 3. Arkansas (5-2)

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: North Texas State's Sears Woods, a 5'8" senior making his first start for the Eagles, took care of highly favored Tennessee singlehandedly. He gained 121 yards rushing and won the game with a 98-yard kickoff return.

DEFENSE: Navy Roverback Chet Moeller, a 6-foot, 190-pound senior playing with a broken thumb, thwarted two Pittsburgh scoring drives with a fumble recovery and a pass interception and made six tackles in the Middies' 17–0 win.

Hy-Gain Means Citizens Two-Way Radio.

Hy-Gain makes the finest citizens two-way radios and antennas. Components perfectly matched to work together.

Hy-Gain radios give you dependability and extra performance at reasonable cost. Our radios feature 23 channels, high quality microphone, sophisticated noise limiting and range boost circuitry, mic preamp, illuminated channel selector and S/RF meter, and a unique floating ground system that automatically accepts positive or negative grounding.

Ask for Hy-Gain, the name that means citizens two-way radio.

hy-gain®

You've got a friend as near as your Hy-Gain radio.

Hy-Gain Electronics Corporation, 8601 Northeast Highway Six, Lincoln, NE 68505



Cordoba

The Small Chrysler

Confidence. It is what any fine automobile gives you. And what you get in full measure from Cordoba. Here is the confidence of knowing your car has a *look* of great dignity. And the *feel* of great quality. Here, too, is the confidence of knowing your car controls the road, handling both curve and straightaway with marked assurance. In Cordoba, you will enjoy much more than great comfort at a most pleasant price. You will enjoy great confidence. For which there can be *no* price.



Houston gives 'em Bum's rush

Rejuvenated under new coach Bum Phillips and bolstered by his three-man defensive line, the Oilers beat Detroit for their fifth victory and face their first winning season since 1967



PHILLIPS: LOW KEY BUT HIGH HOPES

Several fumbles and many interceptions ago, the Houston Oilers ranked as the poorest joke in professional sport, a football team apparently designed for one big belly laugh and one small victory per season. Playing in and out of the Astrodome, where indoor air pollution may have been invented, the Oilers relentlessly marched to 1-13-0 records in 1972 and '73, yielding almost 32 points a game in 1973. Their ineptness afield, however, was surpassed for laughs by a front-office comic opera starring K. S. (Bud) Adams Jr., the team owner. With a deserved reputation as a meddler, Adams fomented bad trades, worse drafts and the morale of death row. He also fired more coaches than any alumni association and leaked the Oilers' myriad miseries to the press.

"That had to be the most frustrating time of my life," says Oiler Quarterback Dan Pastorini. "We'd go through a coach a year, with new staffs and new player personnel. It seemed we were getting worse and worse and all the good players we had were being traded. Our attitude was so bad we'd go into games wondering how we were going to lose rather than how we were going to win."

Neither slapstick nor losing is now the style at Houston; the only laughter today emanates from the team's endearingly homespun coach, Bum Phillips, and the Oilers themselves. Where once grew a string of dreary defeats, the Oilers have harvested victories, each marked by an unusual, superb defense and an even rarer team unity. After last Sunday's 24–8 triumph over the Detroit Lions, Houston had a 5-1 record along with the bright prospect—if nothing better—of its first winning season since 1967.

Using the three-man rush line which Phillips, its most zealous champion, employs almost all the time, the Oilers are tough in rushing defense, with an average yield of 106 yards per game. They have allowed but 66 points and have sacked opposing quarterbacks 24 times, which is the statistical profile of a contender. The Houston offense has shown less dramatic improvement, but in contrast to the fallow years it also has made far fewer mistakes. The offense, incidentally, should be nothing less than fearsome if the brash predictions of Don Hardeman, the rookie running back from Texas A&I, come true. When Hardeman came to camp he flatly asserted he would 1) make Pastorini an All-Pro, 2) score every seventh time he carried the ball and 3) become Rookie of the Year. Hardeman has rushed for 374 yards on 99 carries, which has won applause but also convinced Houstonians that Hardeman should leave predictions to Muhammad Ali. Hardeman's teammates have nicknamed him Jaws.

While the Oilers may appear to be an overnight sensation, the team's resurgence began in the latter half of last season under the now-departed Sid Gillman, an irascible, intimidating coach whose playbook rivaled the Manhattan phone directory in size. Despite his trouble in getting along with people, Gillman won the respect of his players, persuaded them they could win and brought some talented athletes to the club through trades.

Gillman's finest acquisition came last fall when he traded John Matuszak and a No. 3 draft choice to Kansas City for Curley Culp and a No. 1 pick. The deal now bears the stamp of genius. Ostensibly settled in for a lame-duck season before he would go to the WFL, Culp became the nose man of Phillips' three-man front, which includes Defensive Ends Tody Smith and Elvin Bethea. The Oilers won six of their last eight, including a 13–10 conquest of the Steelers, to finish with a .500 season, and now have chalked up 11 victories in their last 14 contests, with Culp pointing the way.

Though Gillman may have gotten the Oilers started before retiring at the age of 63 last winter, the team's continued success should be credited in large measure to Phillips, 52, a tobacco-chewing, down-home ex-Marine who was a Gillman assistant and is about as pretentious as a combat boot. In a profession rampant with CIA-type secrecy, uptight press relations and grim suspicion of "outsiders," Phillips is a Texas delight. Repeatedly violating the laws dictating coachly behavior, Phillips has been the warm personification of Southern hospitality, his door—and beer cooler—always open to the press, which was often the target of Gillman's rage and open hatred.

Early in training camp, Phillips invited two Houston newspapermen into the previously closed sanctum of a team meeting. In an action George Allen will not soon duplicate, Phillips introduced the reporters to his players and announced, "These men will be covering us throughout camp and through the season. It will be beneficial to you and to the Oilers if you will cooperate with them in every way." As if that were not enough, he later told one of the reporters to bor-

row his car when transportation was a problem.

Phillips' given name is Oail ("Cain't nobody spell it or pronounce it or anything") and his folksy ways and disarming friendliness make him the NFL's answer to Jed Clampett. But in discussing his three-man defense he is as sharp as any professor who ever warmed to his subject.

"It makes more sense that you can defend against the pass better with eight people than you can with seven," he says. "And as for the rush part of it, it's just about as easy as with a four-man front because you can rush one of your linebackers. It baffles the quarterback because you can get so much more variation with eight people back there than you can with seven. Quarterbacks are also used to seeing a middle linebacker and reading their keys off him. Now with the 3-4, you come in with two middle linebackers, it messes the quarterbacks up and it messes protections up.

"Well, after playing it so many years in high school and college, I knew that when we put a nose man in there the center couldn't be a good pass protector because he's got to raise his shoulders after he snaps the ball. By then the nose man is by him. What it ends up doing is tying up three people because the guards have got to look out for the center."

Culp, Smith and Bethea, disregarding any consideration of team record, would prefer to play the traditional four-man front, since Phillips' tactic, with all its variations, is a punishing task.

"Personally I don't care for it," Culp says, "but as long as we're winning ball games it's fine with me. In a four-man alignment, you're usually dealing with one individual. In the three-man front, you've always got the possibility of being double-teamed and sometimes triple-teamed. But I like it now because we're winning. That's the biggest thing. If we were winning with a two-man front, I'd like it, too."

Along with the defense, Phillips has brought camaraderie to the Oilers, whose short practice sessions produce needling one-liners, laughs and team looseness. "I think the most important thing is how our team gets along," he says. "That's the most pleasant aspect of this season, having it happen as quickly and as well as it has. During camp I said that everyone had to be in the dorm, not their rooms but the dorm, at 11 p.m. That way they could sit around in groups and get to know each other better. You've got to rub shoulders with the guys you're going to be counting on."

"Bum's biggest thing is saying that if you were hanging off a cliff on a rope, you'd want to make sure you had a friend up there holding the other end," says Pastorini. "That's our slogan—hold on to the rope and don't let our people down."

Against Detroit on Sunday the Oilers could easily have fallen, but the rope held. Another strong defensive effort and the scintillating work of 5'9", 170-pound Billy Johnson brought them back from a sluggish start and five turnovers.

Mocked by the Lions after he fumbled twice, Johnson had the last laugh—twice. Midway through the second period he made a beautiful catch of a 27-yard pass for the game's first touchdown, and he put the contest on ice in the third period when, after gathering in a punt, he snaked loose down the right sideline on a 52-yard scoring jaunt. Johnson's second touchdown came only 95 seconds after Pastorini connected on a 56-yard pass to Ken Burrough. Including his touchdown catch, Burrough had three receptions for 111 yards.

The Oiler defense allowed but two field goals, blocked another attempt and stopped the Lions four times inside the Houston four-yard line. Using flea-flicker passes, end arounds and quick outs to the halfbacks, the Lions did take away some of the effectiveness of the three-man front, racking up 149 yards rushing and 328 in total offense. "They came out throwing and caught us in our slants," said Tody Smith, "but today reinforced our opinion that we're a contender. They tried to break our concentration and test our poise but we didn't lose it."

"We're proud we're No. 1 against the rush," Phillips said, "but we don't care how much they move the ball around as long as they don't score. Winning the game is more important than stats."

Against the prospect of continuing success are a number of threatening possibilities. The team has one of the toughest schedules in the NFL and lacks depth and experience. A few injuries could prove devastating. So could Bud Adams.

"We can be as good as our imagination and our bodies will let us be," Smith says. "Some people have projections of winning so many games. On this team our projection is going all the way to the Super Bowl."

Without really saying so, Pastorini agrees. His wife is expecting a child early next year and Pastorini says, "I'm hoping for Jan. 18. I can't think of anything better than having an official come up to me in the Super Bowl and tell me that my wife just had a baby."

Such hope once would have produced loud yuks but no one is laughing at the Oilers anymore. **END**

DEFENSEMEN CULP, SMITH AND BETHEA SURROUND QUARTERBACK DAN PASTORINI



The tour's dating game

Choosa your favorita buddy or brothar, play best ball and than make enough birdies to win, just as Jim Colbert and Dean Refram did

The Walt Disney World Golf Classic National Team Championship is not like any other tournament on the PGA tour. It has the longest name, the largest field and the last date on the schedule. It is the only one with a best-ball format, the only one in which a mouse hands out the trophies and the only one that the pros insist is pure fun.

In fact, the affair at Disney World near Orlando, Fla. is the closest thing the PGA has to a company picnic. Everybody is invited—wives, children, sponsors and friends—and the huge Disney corporation and its smiling hordes of youthful, uniformed employees mobilize to take care of them. There are 50% discounts on rooms and meals and endless free rides in whirling teacups for everyone. And if Daddy can manage to win $20,000 for four days' play, so much the better. If not, no one really minds all that much, because the monorail runs through the lobby and the Magic Kingdom is at the end of the line.

The winners last week—Jim Colbert, who has played the tour with fair success since 1966, and Dean Refram, who left it in 1971 to build his own golf resort, Saddlebrook near Tampa—have been friends since they roomed together in their struggling years on the tour. "He needed someone to help him get dressed," said Refram. "I'd put together red pants and a maroon shirt and think I looked fine," said Colbert. The two, who now have six children between them, began the week of the team championship sharing one room at Disney World's Polynesian Village. By the weekend, they had expanded to seven rooms to accommodate an influx of enthusiastic relatives and friends. "We had to win just to break even," said Refram. They also had to play four extraordinary rounds of golf to win—63-63-62-64-252.

"The secret," said Dan Sikes, who with Mason Rudolph tied for fifth at 258, "is to keep two chances at birdies going all the time. That means two balls in every fairway and two on every green." Colbert and Refram, between them, made a total of 36 birdies, not a single bogey and nevertheless won by only three strokes over the teams of Curtis Sifford-Victor Regalado and John Schlee-Bobby Cole.

Colbert's best year was 1974 when he won the American Golf Classic at Firestone and finished fourth in the Masters and fifth in the U.S. Open. Refram has played only a couple of tournaments a year since 1971 and none since a diesel pump blew up on him a year ago and burned 70% of his body. The record will not show which of the two contributed more to the win because Colbert and Refram refused to say. "We're a team," said Colbert, "and *we* make birdies."

Colbert and Refram started the last round alone in first place, three strokes ahead of Rudolph and Sikes, who had jumped into contention with a 61 on Saturday, and everybody's favorite underdogs, Jim Wittenberg and Bryan Abbott, the co-leaders for the first two days. Wittenberg, 26, finished this, his first year on the tour, with $887 in total earnings and had his Approved Tournament Player card lifted by Commissioner Deane Beman. Abbott, 29, might well have suffered the same fate except that he quit the tour in disgust in the middle of June.

Colbert and Refram made four straight birdies Sunday morning before they got bogged down in a run of five pars that gave another have-not combination, Regalado and Sifford, a chance to draw close. But Colbert and Refram got untracked at the 11th and made four more birdies on the last eight holes to pull away and win.

The best-ball format (purists insist it is better-ball), more than the fact that the tournament is played in never-never land, was what made the team championship attractive enough to draw four of the top 10 money winners and 16 of the year's 27 tournament winners at the tail end of a long schedule. Each man plays his own ball and the better of the two scores on each hole is the one marked on the scorecard. The pressure is shared and so is the blame.

"It's the only time we get to play with friends rather than against them," said British Open Winner Tom Watson, whose partner was his pal, John Mahaffey. As Nos. 7 and 8 on the money list this year, the two rising stars were the showiest pairing of the field at the outset. They had become a team because Mahaffey's former partner, Ben Crenshaw, had decided to play with Eddie Pearce and because, as Mahaffey said before the tournament began, "Tom hits it long and I hit it straight and we should be able to brother-in-law it pretty well." They made the cut but the brother-in-lawing was only good for a tie for 21st place and $1,146.

There were 112 teams in the tournament and almost that many reasons for pairing off. There was an Ohio State entry of Jerry McGee and Ed Sneed, and a Wake Forest partnership of Arnold Palmer and Leonard Thompson. There were old friends such as Gay Brewer and Bobby Nichols and newer old friends such as Johnny Miller and Grier Jones. Partners Steve Melnyk and Dave Eichelberger play practice rounds together because they like to gamble, and Jerry Heard and Homero Blancos were paired, according to Heard, because "We don't give a damn." And there were seven teams of brothers—Dave and Mike Hill, Lanny and Bobby Wadkins, Chi Chi Rodriguez and his brother Jesus from San Juan, Jay and Lionel Hebert, Don and Rik Massengale, Dave and Bill McIntosh from South Carolina and Severian and Manuel Ballesteros from Spain. As for uncles and nephews, the Sneads played together, the Siffords did not.

The PGA has held a team championship at various sites off and on since 1965, and there has been a Walt Disney World Golf Classic every year since 1971. Last year the latter became the former and it was won by two pros from Birmingham, Hubert Green and Mac McLendon. Palmer and Jack Nicklaus won three times in the championship's earli-

of years, but with the dissolution of their partnership Nicklaus began playing with Tom Weiskopf and Palmer has teamed with former Wake Forest golfers, first Jack Lewis Jr., then Lanny Wadkins and, this year, Thompson.

Now, anyone but a Wake Forest golfer might have seen in Leonard Thompson's situation last week a minor ethical and moral problem. Until Palmer approached him in August, Thompson had been committed to playing with Jerry McGee, his partner for three years. But being asked to play golf by Arnold Palmer is like being invited to tea by the Queen of England – at least for a Wake Forest man. As Thompson said before a TV camera after the first day's play, his arm around Arnold's shoulder, "It's not every day you get to play golf with your childhood idol."

Playing with one's idol can put strains on one's other friendships, however. "He asked me first if it was all right," said McGee last week. "We're friends, and I'm not going to let this hurt anything. But there has been some discussion about it. I think there are some guys who would have said no."

Gibby Gilbert was one. Gilbert said no to a Palmer invitation earlier this year because he planned to play for the second time with Bobby Mitchell. It should be noted, however, that Gilbert did not go to Wake Forest.

McGee eventually found himself a new teammate in fellow Buckeye Ed Sneed, who was available because *his* usual partner, Bert Yancey, has been off the tour because of illness. And Palmer stuck to his commitment to Thompson even though, it is rumored, he briefly considered dropping him for Weiskopf when Nicklaus decided not to play.

If there were any morals to be drawn from this locker-room version of a French farce, they are not entirely clear. Palmer and Thompson missed the cut, Gilbert and Mitchell were fourth and the second team from Ohio State, McGee and Sneed, made $1,477 each and finished in a tie for 18th.

Meanwhile Jim Colbert, beaming, and Dean Refram, with tears in his eyes, each went on and on about what a great golfer the other was and then they were off to the clubhouse to buy champagne for the stragglers. **END**

Presenting Long Johns for both sexes.

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind.

Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

But, the same price as 100's.

And you get the choice of Regular or Menthol.



120s

Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter 20 mg tar 1.7 mg nicotine Menthol 19 mg tar 1.6 mg

You should
than copies from

With so many good, fast copiers on the market these days it's easy to fall into the trap of thinking a good, fast machine is what copying is all about

It isn't

Cost and compatibility are also what copying is all about

Cost not only in terms of cost per copy, but also in terms of monthly cost control

Compatibility not only in terms of capability, but also in terms of its relationship to your procedures and your people

We bring all this up not to add to your problems, but to help you solve them

With a unique price-ceiling plan that will help you control your copier costs by putting a set limit on them

No matter how many copies your company turns out

expect more a copier.

With office experience that goes far beyond copier experience.

Experience that can help you better manage your entire copying system by helping to make sure it works in phase with your total office output.

If this sounds like the kind of help you've been looking for, call our Office Products Division.

One of our Representatives will be happy to come in and help work out a solution.



IBM
Word Processing

A kind of Mexican standoff

Both U.S. basketball teams won and a cocky young heavyweight managed to look good in losing

The VII Pan-American Games were nearly over, and Wayne Rollins sat in the sun and smiled at the flocks of schoolchildren swarming through the athletes' village. The 7′1″ center from Clemson rested the heel of one size 17 triple-E sneaker on the toe of the other. "It's nice they run them through here," he said, pleased with the diversion. "These two weeks have been nothing but eat and sleep and play ball."

"And ride the bus," added Head Coach Marv Harshman of Washington. "Transportation to the practice gyms out in the country has driven us batty. Our ratio of bus hours to practice hours has run about four to one." Those were hours of staring at the endless volcanic stone walls of Mexico City crested with jutting shards of broken glass, hours to ponder the rivalries that the Mexicans had done their best to fan. "You can feel it," said Phil Bond, the Louisville guard. "The Games were organized so that everything ended up being the U.S. vs. Cuba. I think sports should be a way to relieve tensions, not build them up."

But the buildup went on, right up to the basketball final between the Cuban and U.S. women. "We had wanted to whip Cuba before," said Charlotte Lewis, the center from Illinois State. "But by game time, we were out to hang 'em."

Whip them they did, 70–64, as five Cubans fouled out. "That was rougher than any game the men have had," said Harshman. "Cuba put people in there just to go after a few of our women." Juliene Simpson, suffering from a cut knee, preserved the six-point lead in the final minutes by dribbling and drawing fouls, each of which restarted the 30-second clock under international rules. While she dribbled, her teammates leaped in the corners with unrestrained joy. The gold medal was the first for U.S. women in Pan-American basketball since 1963, and they danced on the bench until the arena lights were turned out.

The men's contest with Cuba began amid choruses of boos for both teams. In Cuba's case, the reaction was to an incident earlier in the week. After Cuba had lost 89–85 to surprising Puerto Rico, leaving the U.S. the only undefeated team in the nine-game, round-robin tournament, the Cuban basketball commissioner, Jose Alvarez, accosted the Canadian referee in the village cafeteria and punched him in the eye, an act for which Alvarez was quickly shipped home.

Early steals by Bond and Johnny Davis of Dayton showed a quickness the Cubans could not match, and a tight U.S. zone kept them shooting from outside. Still, Cuba trailed only 24–20 midway in the first half as Angel Padron and Ruperto Herrera floated in several shots from the heavens. Then U.S. Center Robert Parish of Centenary, whose rebounding had been superlative, began to go to the basket with a will, slamming the ball in over Pedro Chappe, the wizened old master of Cuban basketball who had engineered the U.S. defeat in Cali four years ago. When Parish soared in from the foul line with a windmill dunk, the U.S. led, 33–22. In the second half the margin was widened to 18 points on short, twisting jumpers by Houston's Otis Birdsong, but play grew ragged. Cuba's Miguel Calderon hit three times, and suddenly it was

continued



BEATEN BUT DEFINITELY NOT BOWED, COKES WAVES AWAY STEVENSON'S TRIUMPH



"I have flouted the Wild.
I have followed its lure, fearless, familiar, alone;
Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come
When I shall be overthrown." -Robert Service

The black sheep of Canadian liquors.

Yukon Jack

There's a breed of men with gypsy blood. Like these men, Yukon Jack is a black sheep, a liquor that goes its own way.

Soft-spoken and smooth, Yukon Jack is unlike any Canadian spirit you've ever tasted. Its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface.

Straight, on the rocks or mixed, Yukon Jack is a taste born of hoary nights when lonely men struggle to keep their fires lit and their cabins warm.



100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack. Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

For a full color 30" x 40" poster of this original art, send $2.00 to Yukon Jack, P.O. Box 11152, Newington, Conn. 06111. No cash please.
Offer good while supply lasts. Void in Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee and other states where prohibited. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.


Try Black Velvet
on a friend.
IMPORTED
CANADIAN
IMPORTED
BLACK
VELVET
There's never been a Canadian as light and smooth.
Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. It just could be
the taste you've both been waiting for.
BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © 1975 HEUBLEIN INC. HARTFORD CONN.

76–68 with four minutes to go. The crowd, up to then disdainfully mute, now screamed for a U.S. defeat. But again it was Parish, rising calmly above the frenzy, who dropped in a jumper, then a follow on a Birdsong shot, and it was 80–70. Passing deftly, the U.S. had no trouble protecting the lead. At the buzzer, when 100 gray-clad policemen raced in to ring the court, it was 84–78.

After basketball, it seemed only fitting that boxing, the climax of the Games, would also come down to a Cuba-U.S. meeting. But by the time heavyweight Michael Dokes had reached the finals against Olympic champion Teofilo Stevenson of Cuba, the 17-year-old from Akron was alone in his conviction that he would win.

In the semifinals, Dokes had outpointed Trevor Berbick of Jamaica, then watched as the 6′5″, 225-pound Stevenson destroyed Jair de Campos of Brazil. His jabs nothing more than delicate pats on de Campos' forehead, as if he were daubing on the oil of the last rites, Stevenson carried his right hand cocked and motionless under his right eye. The second time he used it, de Campos was down for an eight count. A left knocked him down again, and the third time Stevenson used the right, the Brazilian was out, his head striking the canvas with a frightening crack, his mouthpiece spinning lazily into the crowd.

Stevenson is a man of easy informality. The one visible scar on his blunt face ruffles his left eyebrow, giving the erroneous impression that he is eternally puzzled. He was always visible at the Games, watching the track competition (he has run 100 meters in 11.2), or ambling about the village. So relaxed did he seem that it was curious to see that his fingernails were bitten to the quick. "No," he said sharply, "there is no chance of my turning professional. The money isn't important to me, or to Cuba. I am not a merchant. I am an athlete." Still, he respects the skills of Muhammad Ali and allowed that he would like to challenge him if the Olympic rules could be changed to permit such a fight without the loss of his amateur standing—an improbable circumstance. "I plan to box another 10 or 12 years," he said, "until another young Cuban comes along to take over."

The day after the semifinals, Stevenson was gliding through the cafeteria when he passed the seated Dokes, who raised a finger as if to beckon a waiter. "Hello, my man," Dokes said. Stevenson smiled benignly and strolled on.

The attempted psych obviously didn't bother Stevenson. Did such things affect Dokes? "Nah, never. The thing is, I'm going to retire Stevenson, going to make him quit. Bell rings, I'm running right over to him. I'm so little—only 189—he's going to be shocked."

Perhaps Stevenson was. As good as his word, Dokes was after the Cuban with a running right hook at the bell—and ran straight into a hard right that dropped him. All his talk now seemed the sound of innocent youth. But Dokes got up without difficulty, sparring, reaching in for the body. Stevenson missed with several punches as Dokes bobbed low, but then a chopping right to the ear drove Dokes down again. Still he came back with slashing left hooks. At the end of the round, Stevenson was no longer stalking the smaller man.

Stevenson came out for the second with his best jabbing of the tournament. Dokes spun in with wild hooks, holding if they connected. It looked as if Dokes' inferior height was an advantage as Stevenson missed time after time with downhill rights that merely brushed the back of Dokes' ducking head. Blood trickled from Stevenson's nose. Near the end of the round, Dokes landed a double left hook and missed an uppercut, holding to prevent Stevenson's counter.

As they began the final round, blood was streaming out of Stevenson's nose. Again he missed rights over Dokes' head, but they seemed slower and Dokes got in a solid left off the break. Stevenson's uppercuts were also missing now and he was no longer graceful. He stood stiff and knock-kneed, panting. They wrestled for the last 30 seconds, Stevenson's eyes vacant, rolling back with fatigue.

The decision went to Stevenson, but it was Dokes who came away jubilant. "With the reach he had on me, with the weight he had, I think I did a hell of a job," he said. "Any time I can make the champion wipe his own blood, I'm happy about it." The fight seemed to confirm Dokes' sense of his own immense potential. "I'll grow an inch or two, I'll add 10 or 15 pounds before Montreal."

With that, Stevenson agreed. "Dokes will be much heavier," he said. "I didn't feel good tonight. I was tired and my belly hurt. For Montreal I will prepare better." If he expects to box another dozen years, he'll have to. **END**



Time is forever. But a moment, once passed, is forever gone. Except in photographs.



Canon®

Trading in a junk river



Fishermen are trolling for chinook salmon and trout in downtown Detroit, thanks to a multimillion-dollar recall campaign on pollutants

One tends to think of trout streams in terms of babbling riffles surrounded by sighing pines, of circling ospreys overhead and—in the wilder parts of the world—snarling bears disturbed at their bankside meals. Things are a bit different on "The World's Biggest Trout Stream." All those colorful outdoorsy adjectives still apply, but the nouns? Forget it.

The babbling you hear, and there's plenty of it, emanates from nightclubs, bars and discos blaring forth high-decibel Motown rock. The sighing stems from frustrated commuters, as homeward they wend their weary way from the skyscrapers that flank the stream. Most of the circling is performed by police and traffic-report helicopters, while the snarling comes courtesy of the region's ubiquitous muggers. For The World's Biggest Trout Stream—hold your breath, trash fans—is none other than the Detroit River.

Not so long ago you literally had to hold your breath in the vicinity of this infamous waterway. The 25-mile stretch of fast southward-flowing water linking Lake St. Clair with Lake Erie, which is bracketed by the densest concentration of heavy industry in North America, was a kind of aquatic Augean stable. Its busiest tributary, the River Rouge, where a sprawling Ford Motor Co. industrial complex sits and spews, ran bright orange with pickle liquor, an acid used in steel processing, while the mainstream itself gleamed rainbowlike under the industrial haze thanks to the 35,000 gallons of oil vomited into it daily. During the brutally cold winter of 1960-61, when most of the river froze over, Michigan state conservation officials counted 20,000 ducks killed by surface oil in the few remaining open pools. Angry hunters gathered truckloads of the dead birds and drove over to Lansing to dump them on the capitol lawn. At the time it seemed a protest of little avail.

The river continued to run foul and fecal until the mid-1960s, when a combination of tough federal and state environmental laws were implemented. Then, two years ago, as the latest chapter in its farsighted "Great Lakes Salmon Miracle," the Michigan Department of Natural Resources began stocking the Detroit River with more than 1 million chinook salmon and steelhead trout. This fall those fish, grown from fingerlings to "jacks" of as much as 20 pounds on a diet of omnipresent alewives, were back to spawn.

"Look there!" said Detroit Mayor Coleman A. Young recently, pointing to the sonograph mounted in the cabin of the good boat *Pequod*. The sonar's stylus had just scratched half a dozen thick, black, upside-down vees on the graph paper. "Those are chinook or I'll eat Cobo Hall." As the mayor made his vow, Cobo Hall, home of the Detroit Pistons, loomed just 200 yards off the *Pequod's* port quarter.

The mayor and two outdoor writers were guests aboard the *Pequod*, a 26-foot salmon boat owned by Larry Serafin of the Michigan Steelhead and Salmon Fishermen's Association, on the first serious day of fishing on the Detroit River since the cleanup began. The operation was code-named DRIFT (for Detroit River Invitational Fishing Trip) and had attracted some 30 outdoor writers from as far afield as San Francisco, Kansas City, Nashville and Boston. Everyone was eager to bend a rod in the World's Biggest, etc., and 21 boats circled with the *Pequod* off the wild shores of downtown Detroit, sonars pinging, downriggers humming with the strain of as many as seven light-test lines trailing gaudy spoons and wobbling plugs, all of the craft dodging manfully as heavily laden ore boats coursed through the channel that flows between Detroit and Windsor, Ontario.

"They're salmon, all right," said Captain Serafin, scanning the sonograph marks, "but I doubt they'll hit." A slim, mod-clad and coiffed Detroit carpenter, Captain Serafin is scarcely a lookalike for the skipper of the literary *Pequod*. "They're about 40 feet down and doing absolutely nothing. The water temperature down there is about 60° Fahrenheit, and chinooks aren't likely to feed at anything warmer than 57°."

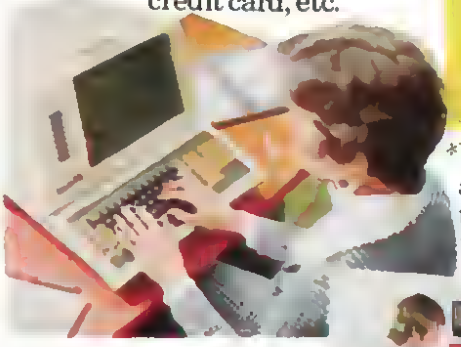
Tom Schneider, president of the Michigan Steelheaders, who was serving as Serafin's mate for this outing, added nightcrawlers to some of the deep-running lures. "Sometimes chinook will take worms when all else fails in warm water," he said. "You've got to get into the deep holes, which is tricky here, because the current runs about seven or eight knots. Also, we might pick up a walleye or two." Schneider, a blond, musta-

continued

Finally! A business-like way to get a room without a hassle about reservations. In fact, without even registering.*

Announcing Gold Key service
... it unlocks the best in us.

Incredibly fast reservations. Give your Gold Key code number to 800-654-2000. No time wasted spelling out name, address, zip, credit card, etc.





*Your room is ready; the manager has already pre-registered you; no forms to fill out. Just sign your name and pick up your key. People call you by name and know you're important to us because of your Gold Key.

Recognizing you're a Gold Key customer, our lodge managers will personally wish to extend their thanks for your decision to stay with us.

If you're on the road at least ten nights a year, write "Gold Key" on your business card and mail it to receive your application. Or pick up an application at any participating lodge. Companies are encouraged to request applications for eligible employees. There is no membership charge. Gold Key is an exclusive service of participating Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges nationwide.

Write to: Gold Key, Howard Johnson Co., 3000 United Founder's Blvd., Dept. E, Oklahoma City, OK 73112.

HOWARD JOHNSON'S
MOTOR LODGES
The Flavor of America

AFTER YOU HAVE
PLAYED YOUR FAVORITE
SPORT . . . REACH FOR

THE ULTIMATE HIGH

SHAMPOO once only, now CONDITION HAIR leave on sponge body with "SHOWER LOTION", now rinse thoroughly head to toes DRY YOURSELF, now "CONDITION WHOLE BODY" that is the

★ ★ ★ ULTIMATE HIGH ★ ★ ★

YOU DEMAND A LOT FROM "YOUR BODY" so say "THANK YOU!" Unicure's quality makes you feel like a "WINNER", look like a "WINNER", guess what you now are a "WINNER!"



Unicure

LEW-PORT INDUSTRIAL PARK
YOUNGSTOWN N Y 14174

PROFESSIONALLY RETAILED ONLY

chioed lure designer from nearby Warren, Mich., waxed rhapsodic about the variety of fish life in the resuscitated river. Not just chinooks and steelhead, but smallmouth bass, muskellunge, walleyed pike and sturgeon have returned to the river since the cleanup. The sonograph continued to mark fish, and the rods to nod unstruck, as Serafin, Schneider and Mayor Young detailed the facts and figures of the rejuvenation.

The cleanup is the result of more than a decade's herculean effort, plus about $750 million in private and public funds. The 60 Detroit industries located along the river have spent between $300 and $400 million on new recycling and waste-treatment equipment. One company estimated a $5,000-a-month reduction in operating costs as a result of its recycling program. environmental concern can turn out to be good business as well as good image-making. The city of Detroit alone, Mayor Young was proud to point out, had spent another $345 million over the past nine years to remove 90% of the organic waste from its sewage. For the foreseeable future, industry and government will be spending more than $10 million annually for other improvements. The results have been dramatic. Those 35,000 gallons of oil a day spewed into the river in the 1940s were reduced to 3,676 gallons of waste, oil and grease by 1963. Early this year, Detroit Natural Resources watchdogs calculated the daily dump at an average of 651 gallons, an 82% reduction from the 1963 figure. "Don't know as I'd want to drink it just yet," said Young, "but I wouldn't hesitate to eat any fish we caught out of it . . . if we ever catch one."

Trolling ever deeper into the troughs and holes revealed by the sonograph, the *Pequod's* passengers and crew began speculating on what else might be snagged as the hooks bounced bottom behind the cannonball sinkers of the electric downriggers.

"This was a rumrunner's heaven back during Prohibition," said Serafin. "We might pick up a case of that good old Canadian hooch." Across the river, the windows of the Hiram Walker distillery seemed to wink a flash of hope. The mayor shook his head dispiritedly. "I don't know," he said, "I'd rather we hooked up just one big fightin' mad chinook. Hook a chinook—that's my motto."

But it was not to be—not that day at any rate. One barely legal smallmouth bass took a trolled spoon nearly its own length during the morning. "What you'd call a tiny-mouth bass," the mayor quipped as it was returned to whence it came—and in the early afternoon, in the shallow waters where Lake St. Clair empties into the river, a muskie smacked a lure but was off in a flash. Not one of the 22 boats volunteered for the DRIFT expedition produced a salmon, though a few did hook smallmouths and the next day a 22-pound walleye was boated. "You know the river's clean if there's smallmouth in it," said Schneider, a bit defensively. "And the sonograph shows that there *are* salmon here. Not too many just yet, but they'll be here once she cools down a bit more." Perhaps far fewer, he admitted, than the stocking figures would indicate. Canadian commercial gill-netters, working the Lake Erie waters where the Detroit River fish plant has been growing to maturity, may have taken a heavy toll of the young fish. It was gill-netters, both American and Canadian, with their tough new nylon nets—coupled with the establishment of sea lampreys in the lake—who had decimated the native lake trout and whitefish population of the Great Lakes in the immediate post-World War II years. The lampreys are now under control, thanks in large part to a Michigan DNR program, but the commercial fishermen of Canada thus far have shown no inclination to reduce their predatory role. "Those are our fish," Schneider complained, "paid for with our tax dollars. Something's got to be done about it."

That evening Young hosted a feed for the frustrated anglers at Manoogian Mansion, the city's luxurious mayoral residence. For once that day, there were plenty of Great Lakes salmon available, both poached and smoked in the form of hors d'oeuvres. The mansion fronts on the river, and some of the guests strolled down to streamside before they left. The river rolled past, strong and clear under the sunset, with no oil slicks visible, no reeking flotsam to wreck the contented mood. A raft of mallard ducks paddled just offshore from the boathouse, squabbling among themselves. A huge lake steamer, her rusty plates boiling through the strong blue water, came downriver.

Just then, what looked remarkably like a salmon rolled and flagged its notched tail and disappeared beyond the mallards. A silver flash in the last light. That's a fishing stream, *all right.* **END**

"How I lost 1400 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

"I smoke about 2 packs a day and I get a lot of pleasure out of every cigarette. But I've cut down on 'tar' and nicotine without giving up what I like about smoking.

"I do it on what I call 'The Doral Diet.' Doral gives me the taste I want from a cigarette. But compared to my old brand, each Doral I smoke is 5 milligrams lower in 'tar.' Figure it out. That's a difference of 100 milligrams less 'tar' a pack, on The Doral Diet!"



Menthol or Regular.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine.
FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '75.

We know what it takes to be Number 1.

Seagram's 7 Crown congratulates the number one team in baseball. The world champion Cincinnati Reds.

We know what it takes to be number one. We've been number one for 28 years in a row. It takes total dedication. Consistency. And the desire to invariably please your fans. Day after day. Year after year.

Say Seagram's 7 Crown and Be Sure.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY N.Y.C.
AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND 80 PROOF

The fortune cookie smiled

Out West the Knicks couldn't land Wilt Chamberlain but then their luck changed and they found something quite a bit better, Spencer Haywood

In not much more time than it took them to write a check for, say, $500,000 and mail it off to Seattle, the New York Knicks had hustled big Spencer Haywood into action in Madison Square Garden last Saturday night and folks were standing and cheering the power forward who might be their salvation. In the jubilation everyone could forget that the Knicks had more or less found Haywood in a West Coast fortune cookie, and that they had begun the week with a low-comedy chase after another superstar, named Wilt Chamberlain.

Up in the Garden seats sat Mike Burke, the club's modish president, smiling at the prolonged ovation for Haywood but not daring to blink for fear that when he reopened his eyes, his cookie prize would be gone. The way things had been going for him these past few months, the 6′9″ ex-SuperSonic—who played 21 minutes, scored eight points and had eight rebounds in a 100–91 win over Cleveland—could have changed into a Halloween pumpkin.

It had happened before. The Knicks were in terrible shape and everybody knew how desperate they were to find help in the off-season. For a few magic days Burke thought he owned George McGinnis but Commissioner Larry O'Brien stopped that one and McGinnis became a Philadelphia 76er. New York had waved at Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who wanted to get out of Milwaukee, but lost him to Los Angeles. And then Atlanta, with amazing tunnel vision, effectively denied Burke negotiating rights to Marvin Webster and David Thompson, whom the Hawks had drafted but couldn't sign. Thompson and Webster went off to Denver of the ABA. "Why should we help them New Yorks?" asked Cotton Fitzsimmons, Atlanta's coach and director of player personnel, forgetting that the TV networks view with distaste any league without successful teams in New York and Los Angeles.

All of which brought the Knicks down to opening day consigned by nearly everyone to doormat status in their division and with season-ticket sales off by 1,800. Which is why they began a feverish pursuit of Chamberlain, the 39-year-old volleyball player. It was, as Burke admitted later, a desperation move. Chamberlain hadn't played for two seasons, but perhaps he could provide, if only part-time, the rebounding and defensive muscle the Knicks had so sorely missed since Dave DeBusschere left in 1974. And whatever he might contribute on the floor, he would certainly bring in the cash customers.

The first problem with Chamberlain was that the Lakers said he still owed them a year of playing from his last contract. The 7′1″ center replied that he had sat the year out and was therefore a free agent. Burned once by the NBA rules, Burke called L.A. Owner Jack Kent Cooke and asked for permission to negotiate. And what might the Lakers want as compensation?

"Earl Monroe or Phil Jackson, cash and a top draft choice," said Cooke, deciding not to ask for the World Trade Center. Since the last thing Burke could give up was a quality player, the project stalled until Cooke told Burke to go ahead and talk to Chamberlain; they would discuss compensation later.

Chamberlain was delighted. He asked the Knicks to give him "a number"—to make him an offer. And he informed the Lakers that if they felt he owed them another year, he'd be out for practice and would be glad to play—for the $450,000 his last contract called for.

Already saddled with a massive payroll, Cooke was not overjoyed with that idea. He wanted to sell or trade the big man, not pay him, and somewhere along the line Chamberlain got the impression from the Lakers that if he showed up at practice they wouldn't even give him a pair of sneakers. "They said they would embarrass him," says Seymour S. Goldberg, Chamberlain's attorney.

Into the situation stepped O'Brien,

continued



SPENCER AND NEW MATES, INCLUDING BRADLEY, GIANELLI, MONROE AND FRAZIER

who said he was removing Chamberlain from the Lakers' suspended list, thereby making him a free agent. "Fraud!" cried Goldberg. It seemed there was an additional stipulation in O'Brien's decision, which had not been made public but had been communicated to NBA owners. It said: "In the event any team in the NBA signs Chamberlain, it must compensate the Lakers."

"There was no way the Knicks could make an offer," says Goldberg. "The whole thing was an exercise in frustration. How could they negotiate and take the chance of blowing up their team? It was like walking into a booby trap."

Still, Burke and General Manager Eddie Donovan got ready to fly to Los Angeles on Friday, Oct. 17 for a meeting with Chamberlain, taking along a Knick uniform—complete with his old number 13—for the benefit of photographers. "We felt confident," said Burke, "but first I wanted to talk to Wilt to see if he really wanted to play as a Knick or just to draw some big money."

But just before they left, Donovan received another phone call: Bill Russell, coach and general manager of the SuperSonics, and Sonics President Sam Schulman would meet them in L.A. This produced an odd echo for Donovan. In early summer, when everything was turning sour, Russell had called to say he was having "vibrations" about Haywood and would New York be interested in a deal? The Knicks were, of course, but after a few phone calls, Russell abruptly said he had changed his mind and would not trade his superstar.

Since then, however, Haywood, a moody 225-pounder with a great talent for individual play, had told reporters that he was not happy with the Sonics and wanted to be traded, mainly because he felt he was not fully appreciated. He had had a fine regular season (22.4 points per game, 630 rebounds), but had been plagued by assorted ailments and had not performed well in the playoffs.

Russell and Schulman were waiting when Burke and Donovan got to Los Angeles and the four of them drove to Schulman's office. Over several cups of coffee, they discussed a possible deal for Haywood. "Let's let it hang for a while," Burke said. "We've come out to talk to Wilt and I feel that we owe him that first. Let's see what happens."

What happened was that Burke discovered Chamberlain was in Hawaii. "I told Goldberg I'd stay on and meet with Wilt next day and he said Chamberlain was on his way back."

The next morning Goldberg had to tell Burke that Chamberlain was still in Hawaii. Burke exploded and called Schulman, asking him how much he wanted for Haywood. He thought Schulman's figure was high, but said he would consider it. Then he and Donovan headed for the airport.

"As far as I was concerned any deal with Chamberlain was no longer possible," said Burke on Monday when he was back in New York. "I have to feel now that he never really intended to play. Even if he calls now, it's over."

"Shopping can be the thrill of victory or the agony of the feet."

I just bought a Superscope AM/FM portable radio with a built-in cassette tape recorder. It didn't cost much more than a good AM/FM portable radio. Yet it lets me tape AM/FM radio music while I'm listening—or even tape my own music. For once I got a good buy instead of a bunion.



The Superscope CR-1000A AM/FM portable radio cassette recorder features a built-in condenser microphone, automatic record level and AC DC operation.

See the entire line of Superscope audio products starting at $59.95* at your nearest Superscope dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.

from the makers of Marantz SUPERSCOPE

Listen to us.

©1976 Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, CA 91352. In Europe: Superscope Europe S.A., Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Superscope Canada Ltd.
Prices and models subject to change without notice. *Manufacturer's suggested maximum retail price of Standard system.

On that day and the next the phone circuits between Seattle and New York were kept busy and finally on Wednesday Burke called Schulman and named a figure: better than $1.5 million—part now and the balance over the next three years. Schulman, whose franchise has had financial problems, said "fine." That was at 7 p.m. At 11, Donovan phoned Burke and reported that Russell had just called to say he wanted to sleep on it. With visions in his head of McGinnis, Abdul-Jabbar, Webster and Thompson all dancing off into the night, Burke said, "Like hell. I can't go to sleep without knowing the deal is set."

So he got Schulman on the phone again. Aside from the money, the Sonics had said they wanted either Gene Short, the Knicks' No. 1 draft choice out of Jackson State, or their No. 1 draft choice in 1979. Now Schulman bound the deal by agreeing to take Short. Satisfied, Burke went to bed.

"The next day I heard the news on the radio while I was taking a shower," said Earl Monroe, half of the Knicks' one outstanding department, their backcourt. "All of a sudden the water got awful warm. He will make things happen."

Few Knicks had been happy with the idea of having to play with Chamberlain, but Haywood was just fine. "His talents are obvious, and there's no question he'll take a lot of pressure off me," said Bill Bradley, who has missed the murderous picks DeBusschere set for him. "The thing is that when we talk about winning, we can talk about it right now. We don't have to keep on kidding ourselves."

"Spencer will generate excitement and that's what it's all about in New York," said Walt Frazier, the Knicks' other superguard, who has personally generated most of the recent excitement in the Garden. "You don't get a year to rebuild if you are the New York Knicks. Either you win right now or this place is a morgue."

At the press conference to introduce Haywood, Donovan was beaming. The week that began with the faintly ludicrous Wilt-hunt had ended well. Donovan told a story on himself. While he was general manager at Buffalo he had drafted Haywood—but in the second round. When he called his new player last week to tell him the news, he said, "Hi, this is Eddie Donovan and we are happy to have you in New York."

Replied Haywood, "How come you took me second in Buffalo?" **END**



He had spent a lifetime in the wild but never had he seen anything to compare with the herd of caribou and the pair of wolves that followed

by Bil Gilbert

Like Thickets on a Skyline

Canada's Northwest Territories are about one-third the size of the U.S., with a population of less than 50,000, and no area is emptier than the tract of muskeg, lakes, rock and permafrost lying between Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. Within that rectangle, measuring 400 by 500 miles, there is only one name on topographic maps that hints of human occupation and industry—Fort Enterprise. Seeing the name, one might think it is a substantial place, an administrative station or Mounties' outpost, at least a historical monument with a brace of antique cannon, a small museum and a few caretakers pottering around. But this is not the way it is. The name on the maps is now the most substantial thing about Fort Enterprise.

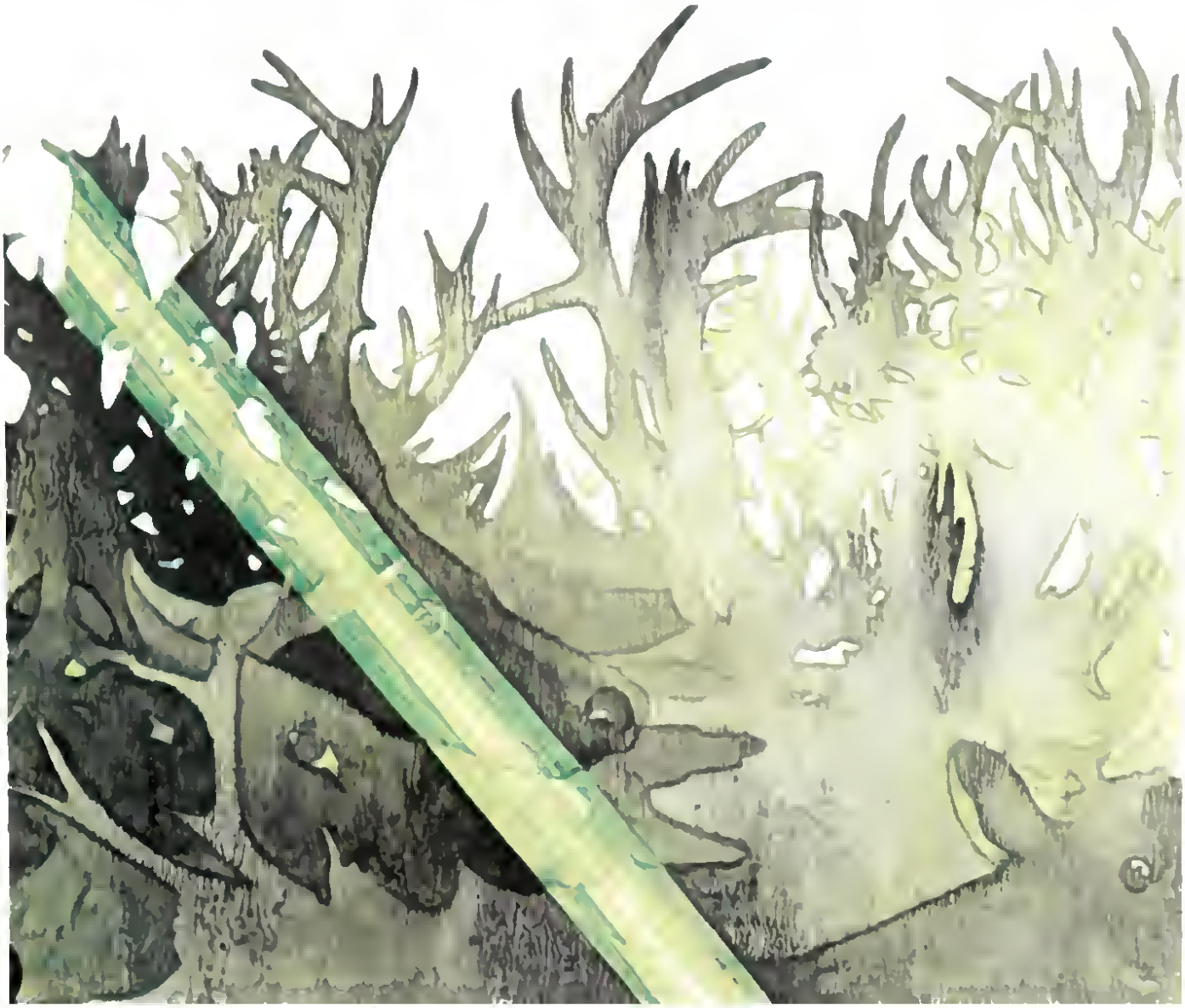


In the summer of 1820 the explorer John Franklin set off by canoe from the last fur-trading outpost on Great Slave Lake, hoping to chart the vast wilderness to the north. In late August, Franklin and his party halted on the western edge of a large lake (which Franklin perfunctorily but reasonably called Winter Lake) to set up a base camp. The men stopped largely on the advice of the Copper Indians, who said beyond lay the terrible and treeless barrens in which the explorers would find no wood for fuel or cabin logs.

The party built two cabins and a storehouse, and called the place Fort Enterprise. The compound never had any military function; the buildings were erected to withstand the siege of only one enemy—winter. And for that they were barely adequate. At times, according to Franklin's journal, the temperature inside the cabins, within 16 feet of the fire, was 40 below zero. Nevertheless, the party survived and the next spring stumbled to the Arctic coast. In fact some of the men returned to Fort Enterprise the following winter, having walked 300 miles across the barrens in the belief there might be a cache of meat at the camp. During this awful hike seven men perished—one was murdered, one executed for the murder and the other five starved. When the survivors staggered into Enterprise there was no food, only the old bones and bits of leather they had left behind in the spring.

What happened at Fort Enterprise in the winters of 1820 and '21 is all that has ever happened there in a formal, historical sense. There is no record of anyone else ever having made use of the outpost, though Indian hunting parties surely camped nearby for the same reason Franklin did. good wood, good hunting and fishing. Fort Enterprise is not the kind of place to which even the most avid amateur history buffs make pilgrimages. It's not even a regular stop for the professionals, the most recent visit having been made five years ago when a group of Canadian archaeologists trekked in. But I went there last summer, having brooded for a decade on the journals of the Franklin party, memorized much of them and spent one summer following the expedition's trail through the Arctic (SI, July 8, 1974). I *had* to see Fort En-

continued



terprise, if only briefly, because it was the central set of the Franklin drama and also because like a small cloud on the horizon the notion was beginning to form on the edge of consciousness that sooner or later I would have to live there for a time, say for a winter.

My wife Ann came along because it was a chance to get a look at a part of the world few see, and she had been hearing about the place *ad nauseam* for years. I think she was interested in knowing if the Arctic was real or just a fantasy. I wanted to show off the place, to demonstrate to my wife that it was worth the time, money, separations and dislocation it had cost us—that it was worthy of being an obsession.

Colin, a bush pilot we engaged in Yellowknife, was uncertain about the location of the fort, whether it was on the lake or the rapids below it. The topographic maps of the area are based on a whopping 1:250,000 scale, which means that while they show the general terrain, they are not precision tools.

As it turned out, there was little choice about where to put down. A brisk wind had whipped up waves on Winter Lake, masking the rocks along the shore. Not wanting to wreck a pontoon, Colin set us down below the rapids, the half-mile-wide river being calmer than the 10-mile-long lake.

"That will be fine," I said. "We'll work our way back up the shore to see what we can find, but come back here tomorrow for our pickup."

"Righto," said Colin, sliding the little float plane within duffel-throwing range of the bank.

It was 10 p.m. by the time we landed, with only an hour of Arctic twilight remaining. Also it was a cold, raw, misty night (in another two or three weeks—early September—it would be snowing there) so we put up the tent, spread the sleeping bags and went to bed. The morning was fine, however, with a lot of blue sky and sun. The temperature was in the 50s and the air had a washed, spruce-scented tang to it.

The morning of what was to be an extraordinary day started off interestingly if not spectacularly. We looked up from our tea to see a cow moose with a calf close behind halfway across the river, swimming directly toward us. The cow came ashore on the same sandy point where Colin had dropped us, shook her huge flanks and waited for the long-legged, knobby-kneed calf to join her. They climbed the river bank 50 feet upwind and, without acknowledging our presence, went thrashing off into the bush. Since Ann had never been so close to moose, we probably would have looked back on the day as a good one had nothing more happened.

After the moose left we set off, ready to spend most of the day beating through the bush looking for Fort Enterprise. But we had in fact landed within a quarter of a mile of it. Five minutes from our tent we came to a spruce grove, in the middle of which, surrounded by a kind of fence of caribou antlers, was a three-foot cairn of river stones. Wedged into the cairn was a plaque left by the party of Canadian archaeologists, engraved with the message that this was John Franklin's fort. Around the cairn in the moss and sand were faint broken markings, presumably the fading outline of a cabin's foundation.



The cairn stood on the flat top of a long esker that began at the bluff overlooking the rapids and extended five miles inland toward the west. Eskers are ridges of sand and gravel; they were once the bottoms of ancient rivers that flowed under the ice when the country was covered by unbroken glaciers. Animals that need a den congregate on eskers because there is very little else in the flat land of permafrost to use. We saw ground squirrels and lemmings and signs of hares, foxes, wolves and bears (the white inland bear, the Barren Land Grizzly). Eskers also make for good traveling by providing firm, dry footing, a rarity in those parts. Crisscrossing the ridge were wolf, moose and caribou trails, and the great numbers of caribou antlers and bones suggested that the esker lay on a migration route.

The Enterprise esker is also part of a promontory along which the very last of the great evergreen forest, the taiga (which begins 800 miles to the south on the edge of the Alberta prairies), extends. For some reason, perhaps a peculiarity of soil, water and shelter, the spruce growing on the Enterprise esker are larger, up to 36 inches in circumference and 30 feet tall, than those to the south. It is almost as if the trees on their ultimate picket line are determined to make an impressive stand.

Directly across the river and lake from the knoll the treeless plains of the interior Arctic commence. Slogging through them on foot, one finds the barrens are not unlike mountain meadows above the tree lines in the western Rockies. The ground is covered with a low, springy hat of cranberry, crowberry, mosses, lichens, sedges and annual and perennial flowers that bloom with an air of brilliant desperation in the few short summer weeks. Among the few woody specimens are spruce,. willow and birch, which creep along like crabgrass, never permitted by the cold and wind to rise more than a few feet above ground level.

But it is not because of detail that the

continued

Don't sell yourself short, move up to today's cigarette.



Longer... yet milder

Pall Mall Gold 100's lower in 'tar'

than the best-selling short (70mm) cigarette.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's "tar" 20 mg nicotine 1.4 mg
Best selling regular size (70mm) "tar" 25 mg nicotine, 1.6 mg
Of all brands, lowest 'tar' 2 mg nicotine 0.2 mg
20 mg 'tar', 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





"Yes, I guess you could say the salesmen's morale has improved since we leased the new company cars."

Leasing the company fleet should even make the president crack a grin. Because it frees up capital that can be put to better use. And because it simplifies tax records as well as providing late-model, dependable transportation.

For the full story on car and truck leasing, counsel with a local Chrysler Leasing System member. Or see most any Chrysler, Plymouth or Dodge dealer. You'll get the right lease plan for your business, plus nationwide service and delivery to keep up morale on the road.

CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

CHRYSLER Dodge Plymouth Dodge Trucks

barrens are so impressive. It is because of their expanse. From the Fort Enterprise overlook, the literal last stand of the taiga, the barrens extend 400 miles to the polar sea on the north and 650 miles eastward to Hudson Bay. To a distant horizon the rolling country is covered with the green mat of vegetation, sharply broken only by eskers, lakes and craggy outcroppings of granite.

John Franklin first came to this place on Aug. 19, 1820, and that evening he wrote in his journal, "We determined on placing the house on the summit of the bank, which commands a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country." Granting a taste for central-Arctic scenery, the view from the Enterprise esker remains as it was then—a beautiful prospect.

But it certainly is a challenging one for anyone planning to winter over. Franklin also wrote, "We found that the situation they [the Copper Indians] had chosen possessed all the advantages we could have desired." The essential commodity, logs for shelter and fuel, can still be found there, a century and a half having been enough time even for the slow-growing Arctic spruce to have restored themselves after Franklin's winter of timbering. Below the esker to the north is a patch of muskeg in which there is an outcropping of glacial clay and plenty of sphagnum moss for chinking walls and roof. Signs and logic indicate that caribou must be around most of the autumn. There would be fish in the rapids, which are swift enough so that with the aid of an ice auger it should be possible to keep a water hole open all winter.

"Yes, and this would make a dandy Christmas tree," Ann said, breaking into a mumbled cataloging of natural goodies. She patted a small, nicely shaped spruce. "A man and his son and a couple of friends could hang up their stockings on it, or maybe their skeletons if they were here for Christmas."

The conversation having taken a silly turn, I took out a fishing rod and went down to the foot of the rapids, in which there was sure to be one of the Arctic's esthetic and nutritional wonders, the grayling. After a few casts one struck and was hooked. As the fish played and bucked, a pleasant, grinning, bewhiskered face popped up in the water.

"Look, there is an otter."

The otter dived, but when Ann asked "Where?" it resurfaced as if on cue, this

time directly in front of her. It remained there, balancing against the current, beaming with that look of bemused congeniality that seems to be the normal expression of otters. After it had allowed itself to be admired sufficiently, it flipped over and swam downriver. The grayling was better than three pounds, large for this species. The flanks and enormous dorsal fin (which enables the grayling to cope with the white water it frequents) were deep inky blue, flecked with iridescent patches of pink and white.

"They taste just as good as they look," I said.

"Cut it out. We are *not* going to eat something that pretty. I couldn't."

So the grayling was unhooked and sent off, perhaps to meet the otter.

"I must say there is a lot going on around here," Ann said. "What's next on the program?"

"I've been hoping for caribou. This probably is a crossing, but maybe we are too early for the migration."

It was half an hour before the caribou made their entrance. They arrived from the barrens, their great antlers suggesting thickets on the skyline. They came down the slopes at a leisurely pace, bucks, does, leggy fawns, browsing until they reached the river, which they entered and crossed.

There is a certain ungainliness about caribou, which weigh up to 400 pounds and stand 3½ to four feet tall at the shoulder. Their legs are disproportionately long with splayed feet enabling them to function efficiently in the spongy, semi-aquatic, snow-covered terrain on which they spend most of their lives. Also, a great rack of antlers, a wild tangle of heavy, flattened prongs and spokes whose span may be four feet across, gives the animal the appearance of being top-heavy. (Among caribou both sexes are so adorned.)

In the spring the Arctic herds, thousands strong, move toward the shores of the polar sea where the does drop their fawns. By midsummer they drift back across the tree line, making for the taiga, where they will breed and pass the winter. The cyclical movements of these northern deer are awesome. Some men, having found themselves fortuitously located during the main migration, have watched all day as a river of caribou half a mile wide flowed past: *la foule*, the throng, is the name given to this mighty mammalian tide by French-Canadian bushmen.

What was coming out of the barrens toward us should not be represented as *la foule*, at least not in full force. It was still early, the herds were still gathering, grazing on the barrens. This was a preliminary trickle, a suggestion of what it would be in a few weeks when the deer poured out of the plains in full flood. I have seen larger herds crossing the passes of the Brooks Range in Alaska, but never have mingled so intimately with the caribou as we did that day.

When it became apparent what was happening, we picked out a clump of sheltered rocks downwind from the main crossings. The caribou in their customary shambly style passed in an irregular flow, groups of three or four animals, a dozen, 50 or 60 separated by gaps. Except that the fawns stuck close to their mothers, there was no particular order of march apparent, all sexes and ages mingling indiscriminately. Occasionally one animal or several would drop out, browse for a time on the far side of the river, then either cross alone or join another band. Eventually every animal entered the water and there were times when the river was bridged from bank to bank with deer.

La petite foule beached and came up the knoll within 20 or 30 yards of us. The big bucks, handsome in their predominantly dark brown fall coats with thick ruffs, would stand at the water's edge shaking water from the water-repellent guard hairs, snorting, waving their antlers and generally preening. Does moved along with less fuss but the fawns often stopped to catch their breath. If a doe got too far ahead, a fawn would give a peculiar, very doglike bark of alarm and scurry to catch up.

Despite being downwind, we were so close to the crossing that now and then an animal would become aware of us. Some would snort in apparent fright and gallop off through the spruce. Others would stare perplexedly and then walk off slowly as if contemplating the meaning of our presence. Still others would advance directly toward us, come within a few feet before rejoining the throng.

As Ann continued to watch the caribou flow off the hills, cross the river and move into the woods, I wandered back to the knoll to measure trees as potential cabin logs. Occasionally I would look off into the barrens. I did not want to push my luck as a prophet of wildlife spectaculars but, by rights, it seemed another character should be coming on the scene: the wolf, which is associated with caribou just as caribou are associated with lichens. The first sign was given by the deer, half a dozen animals which had been sauntering parallel to the river in a downstream direction wheeled and began running upstream. I looked above them and saw two large, white adult wolves loping along the ridge. Twice while they were in sight they stopped, sat on their haunches and peered down at the deer, but showed no inclination to do anything but look. Not wanting to yell, but feeling bad that Ann was not with me, I waited until the wolves had disappeared over the hill, then ran back toward the river. I met Ann coming toward me. She was grinning.

"Did you see them?" we both asked simultaneously and answered together, "the wolves."

"I saw them on the ridge, they trotted along for half a mile and then dropped out of sight," I said.

"I did better than that. They were right in front of me. It was just great. Let me tell you what I saw.

"I was watching the deer. There were about a dozen of them near the water. They were dawdling along as if they were putting off crossing. Then just downstream, but a little bit back in the higher grass I saw something big and white. At first I thought it was a pair of albino caribou they were so big. [Arctic wolves weigh up to 175 pounds.] But then I got a better look and knew they had to be wolves. There was nothing else they could be. It was so hard to believe, I kept telling myself I really was seeing wild wolves. From above I could see the whole thing. The wolves were staying low, slinking through the brush toward the deer. All of a sudden they jumped out, snapping. They were like kids hiding at the top of a dark hall jumping out and yelling 'boo' at whoever comes past.

"Just for a split second the deer seemed absolutely frozen with panic. Then they literally dived into the river. You can't believe how fast they swam. Their front feet were churning the water so hard, they looked like butterflyers in an Olympic race.

"The wolves just stood on the bank watching. They didn't go in the water. It

continued



"His new novel is the talk of the Hamptons. It's called 'The Joy of Car Leasing.' "

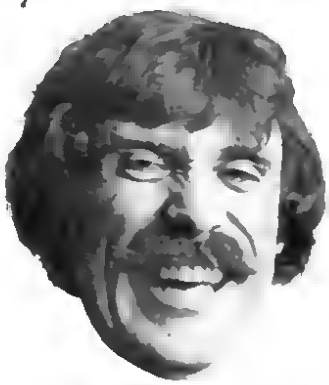
Lots of people just go on and on about how leasing has changed their lives. Because leasing provides all the convenience of car ownership without all the responsibilities and large down payment, either.

Thinking of leasing this year? Talk it over with a local participating Chrysler Leasing System member. Or see mustang Chrysler Plymouth or Dodge dealer. If leasing is right for you, he'll have a lease to your liking out of driving. But if it isn't, he'll be just as happy to sell you a car.

CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

CHRYSLER Dodge
Plymouth Dodge Trucks

"I like my Early Times with soda, water, ginger ale, cola, a twist, a touch of vermouth, and anything else you can think of."



"Needless to say, I need a large glass."



86 AND 80 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. • ©DBC 1975

Early Times. To know us is to love us.

Caribou *continued*

was almost as if they were grinning at a joke they had played. I don't think they were very serious about trying to catch a deer. After a while they got up and trotted toward the hills. That was probably when you saw them."

It was a very good firsthand description of a favorite caribou-hunting technique used by wolves. Since even a caribou fawn, if fit, can outrun them, wolves do not waste much time or effort in unproductive footraces. As these two did at Enterprise, the wolves will approach as closely as possible and then make a quick charge. Normally they will not continue the pursuit unless they discover a deer slow off the mark by reason of age, illness or injury. The seemingly playful rushes that wolves repeatedly make at a herd are an efficient means of determining which caribou can be culled most easily.

After the wolves left we talked of flushing out a grizzly by beating the blueberry bushes to the south of the esker, but this seemed presumptuous, and unsafe. So until Colin came for us we hung around the knoll, watched more caribou and considered what we had seen.

"The best thing about the wolves working the caribou," Ann said, "was that I had such a feeling of being on their home grounds. It was not like seeing the remnants of something that used to be, a freak happening left over from the past. I just knew I was in wolf and caribou country, that this kind of thing has been going on for so long and would probably keep going on."

I told her, "There are a lot of people who have spent a lot of time up here and haven't seen as much as you have in a day. You know how much of my life I've spent thrashing around after animals. This was the best mammal day I've ever had. It was just lucky. It doesn't happen often, even up here." I was trying to be fair, not wanting to justify future schemes entirely on the basis of extraordinary good fortune.

"I know," she said, "but I can see what is so exciting about this country. It is a place where there are great possibilities of something like this happening. But I wonder how it would be if after all of this you went back to cook dinner in a 40-below cabin."

That of course is a very good question, and one that I seem to have a compulsion to answer. **END**

This is a picture of a bridge crossing a bridge.

A truck-trailer is a lot like a bridge—in more ways than one.

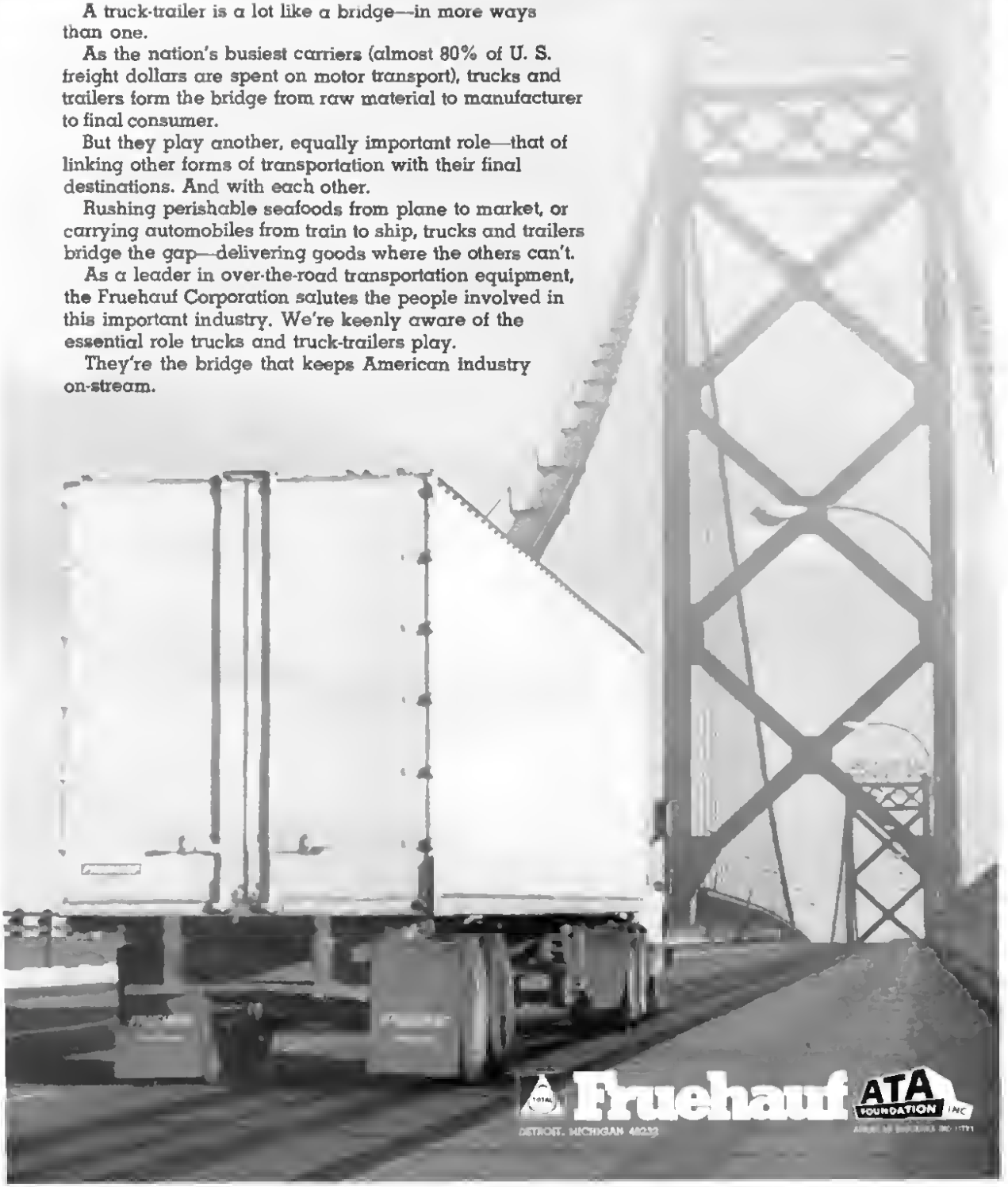
As the nation's busiest carriers (almost 80% of U. S. freight dollars are spent on motor transport), trucks and trailers form the bridge from raw material to manufacturer to final consumer.

But they play another, equally important role—that of linking other forms of transportation with their final destinations. And with each other.

Rushing perishable seafoods from plane to market, or carrying automobiles from train to ship, trucks and trailers bridge the gap—delivering goods where the others can't.

As a leader in over-the-road transportation equipment, the Fruehauf Corporation salutes the people involved in this important industry. We're keenly aware of the essential role trucks and truck-trailers play.

They're the bridge that keeps American industry on-stream.



Fruehauf

DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48232

ATA FOUNDATION INC

This Christmas, Give The Gift for all Seasons.



Here's a guaranteed game plan for Christmas. Give SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to tha sports lovers on your gift list and you can't lose

You're giving all the seasons of sports. Football, basketball, hockey, baseball, sailing, tennis, golf, track, the Winter and Summer Olympics thare's no end to the pleasure SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will bring all through 1976.

A gift subscription costs only $12—a big $4 off the regular subscription price To get your order going, just fill out and mail the attached gift card. Or phone 800-621-8200 toll free. (In Illinois 800-972-8302.) We'll rush you handsome SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Christmas cards to announca your gifts with. And if you act fast, we can start their subscriptions at the holidays with our spectacular year-end double issue

Today, put your Christmas game plan into action Give SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Sports Illustrated. The gift for all seasons.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/TIME & LIFE BUILDING/CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 20-26

PRO BASKETBALL NBA

PRO FOOTBALL

GOLF MARY *BEA PORTER*

HOCKEY NHL

HORSE RACING

PAN-AMERICAN GAMES

TENNIS

MILEPOSTS

SIGNED, R
HAYWOOD
SPENCER
by Seattle
Sonics
Short. New
York (NY)
for a report-
ed $15
for five
NBA seasons
All-Star and averaged

DIED. DOM PAPA
of the Los
Angeles Chargers
after suffering a head

CREDITS

FACES IN THE CROWD



BETSY HAINES, 14, a sophomore at East Alabama High School, won an AAU cross country record for girls 13 and 14 years old. She ran the 1.5-mile course in 7:04. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 98 pounds and was the youngest member of Alabama's Junior National Nordic ski team.



JOHN HOGSHEAD, a senior at Nitro High School, set a West Virginia record with a 15'8" pole vault last fall. The 6'3", 180-pounder set out to clear the mark when he cleared three feet over his head in the same meet at 44 Oaks. He holds the record for seven titles.



AL KRUEGER, of Bellflower, Calif., led the winning Human U.S. powerlifting team at the Relative Work championships in Tucson. Weighing 181 pounds, he squatted 1,000 pounds, bench-pressed 440 pounds and dead-lifted 600 pounds for a total of 2,040 pounds.



DENISE CORLETT of Mount Marlborough School in Los Angeles, a 5'6" 120-pound sophomore, played the entire game for the Young Women's Christian Association basketball team. She had 10 points in the YWCA's 38-24 victory over Lockheed, a team that averaged 25 points per game.



DARRELL SHEPARD, a junior at Odessa (Texas) High School, gained 441 yards in seven games. In 5A high school football, he broke the record of 401 yards set by Bill Campbell of Port Arthur in 1968. Shepard gained 2,000 yards last year and totaled 1,000 yards in 1975 as a sophomore. He has a total of 15 touchdowns.



RICK SNYDER, a senior at Muhlenberg (Pa.) High School, set a two-year wrestling record of 62 wins, five losses and one tie. As a freshman he won all four of his matches in the 155-pound class. He was the Eastern Pennsylvania Conference champion and a two-time high school all-American.

Why Pinto and Chevette don't

1. Gremlin is America's lowest priced car.*

2. Gremlin goes farther on a tank of gas than any other car.**

3. Gremlin is the only car of the three with a standard 6-cyl. engine.

4. Gremlin has the highest resale value in its class.†

5. Gremlin is backed by the AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.®



*Optional W/S/W tires ($36) and wheel covers ($37).

compare themselves with Gremlin.

Compare:	Gremlin	vs	Pinto Pony MPG	vs	Chevette Scooter
Price	$2,889*		$2,895		$2,899
Engine	6-cyl		4-cyl		4-cyl
Range	651 miles**		494 miles		520 miles
Gas Tank	21 gal		13 gal		13 gal
EPA MPG Rating	31 highway, 20 city**		38 highway 25 city		40 highway 28 city
Passengers	4		4		2
Weight	2,755		2 558		1 931
Shoulder Room	(Front) 54 9" (Rear) 53 0"		(Front) 52 5" (Rear) 51 0"		(Front) 50 1" (Rear) none
Auto. trans. available	YES		NO		NO
Air Cond. available	YES		NO		NO

*Price quotations are manufacturers suggested retail prices excluding taxes destination charges and dealer prep Actual prices and comparisons will vary by dealer **Mileage quotations are EPA estimates for the optional 258 6-cyl engine with manual trans and optional overdrive Your actual mileage will vary depending on your cars condition and optional equipment and how and where you drive California ratings lower Range formula 21 gal gas tank multiplied by 31 mpg highway EPA estimate †Source Automotive Market Report 9/8/75 Market Averages Zones 1 2 and 3 for 1974 and 1975 compact and subcompact cars Resale information not available for Chevette

Despite some very competitive advertising, neither Ford's Pinto Pony MPG nor Chevrolet's Chevette Scooter have chosen to compare themselves with us

There's a reason We ask you to consider the list on the left and the box above You'll notice that, in addition to being America's lowest priced car our Gremlin goes farther on a tank of gas than anybody's car

Yet Gremlin is the only car in its class that offers the performance and durability of a standard six-cylinder engine And unlike Chevette Scooter or Pinto Pony MPG, only Gremlin offers the optional convenience of both automatic transmission and factory air-conditioning

We built our Gremlin to be an economy car But we also built it to deliver the kind of performance and driveability we think you have a right to expect of any car

That's why although Gremlin delivers better than 30 mpg highway and 20 mpg city (EPA Estimated), it offers more horsepower more road-hugging weight and a wider track for more stability and smoothness than any car in its class Maybe that's why our little Gremlin has consistently returned more of its original list price at resale than any car in its class†

And maybe that's why Ford and Chevy conveniently chose to ignore us But then again, we think there's a much more important reason

It's the AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

Compare Coverage: AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN vs Competition

To us at American Motors, and to our dealers the exclusive AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN is a commitment to our customers

The BUYER PROTECTION PLAN means that, unlike Ford and Chevy only AMC will fix or replace free any part except tires for 12 months or 12 000 miles whether the part is defective or just plain wears out under normal use and service

The following parts and services are covered against factory defects or failure due to wear for 12 months or 12 000 miles*

Parts fixed or replaced free

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Engine Drive train	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Spark plugs	Yes	No	No	No
Shock absorbers	Yes	No	No	Yes
Brake linings	Yes	No	No	Yes
Clutch linings	Yes	No	No	Yes
Wiper blades	Yes	No	No	No
All light bulbs	Yes	No	No	No
Hoses & Belts	Yes	Yes	No	No

Services provided free

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Wheel alignment	Yes	No	No	No
Wheel balancing	Yes	No	No	No
Align headlights	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust carburetor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust distributor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust brakes	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust clutch	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust transmission bands	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust & tighten belts	Yes	No	No	No
Tighten nuts & bolts	Yes	No	No	No
Free loaner car	Yes	No	No	Yes
Trip Interruption Protection	Yes	No	No	No

*BUYER PROTECTION PLAN reg U S Pat and Tm Off
*Chrysler coverage is 12 months U limited mileage
General Motors has 5 year 6 FO mile coverage
Certain 140 u engines

AMC Gremlin

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE DIONNE DEAL

Sir:

Without too much of the bitterness that most Red Wing fans feel, I would like to comment on Mark Mulvoy's article *A Seller's Market* (Oct. 20). His account of what happened in the Marcel Dionne case was accurate. However, it did little to make people aware of the consequences of the ridiculous rise in sports stars' salaries and the random buying and selling of players. Dionne, like so many others, was looking for the buck. Who isn't? But somehow I find it hard to forget the whining way in which he achieved his newfound wealth. It appears that such qualities as loyalty, consideration and humanity are old-fashioned. The people of Detroit, with little else to cheer about in recent years, found a certain excitement in Marcel and the way he plays. The feeling obviously was not mutual.

One has to wonder where it will all end. It seems to me that it is time to answer the question. Is money everything?

PEGGY O'CONNOR

Detroit

Sir:

Jack Kent Cooke really made a mistake by paying a selfish, goal-happy player like Marcel Dionne $1.5 million to play for the Los Angeles Kings. He made an even bigger mistake by trading two of his best players, Defenseman Terry Harper and Left Wing Dan Maloney, to Detroit to acquire Dionne. Dionne will fit into L.A. Coach Bob Pulford's rigid defensive style of hockey like a square fits into a circle. Cooke always gets his man, but it's always the wrong one.

JOHN HARTSOCK

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Sir:

You did not put in enough good words for Danny Maloney. He is a top fighter in the NHL, and he is playing a large part in the Dionne deal. Besides gaining the reputation of being a mauler, Danny proved last year that he can consistently put the puck in the net. He will turn the Red Wings around and bring out the best in them, while Dionne does his whimpering in The Forum.

SPENCER ROSMAN

Scarsdale, N.Y.

BAD EXAMPLE

Sir:

I was surprised to read in your Scouting Reports (Oct. 20) just how much time the Philadelphia Flyers spent in the penalty box last season (almost 12 hours more than any other NHL team). The question this brings to my mind is: Are hockey penalties severe enough? Dirty hockey on the professional level only leads to dirty hockey on the amateur level. Young players risk serious injury when they imitate the Flyers' free-swinging style. What money-minded pros do is their business, but officials in amateur hockey should be strict enough about unnecessary roughness to make certain that dirty hockey is never winning hockey.

ANDRE PARENTEAU

Woonsocket, R.I.

BABE AND DIANA

Sir:

William Oscar Johnson and Nancy Williamson should be commended for an excellent and enlightening series on Babe Didrikson (*Babe*, Oct. 6 *et seq.*). The Oct. 20 issue in particular should be cited for its recognition of the woman athlete, since this issue not only concluded the fine saga of the legendary Didrikson but pointed to another remarkable performer, marathon swimmer Diana Nyad (*A Dunk for the Apple*). Didrikson's feats in a multitude of sports and Nyad's tremendous accomplishments in swimming speak well of the potentialities of women in athletics.

DAVID S. LILLIAN

Woodbridge, Conn.

Sir:

Anyone who followed sports during the '30s was exhilarated by the accomplishments of Babe Didrikson. At last she is getting due recognition.

DUDLEY S. HOATH

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

Thank you for *Babe*. She truly was the greatest woman athlete of all time.

NANCY GREENLAW

Hampton, N.H.

OKLAHOMA VS. TEXAS

Sir:

The annual Oklahoma-Texas game is more than an epic football battle (*The Sooners Are the Better*, Oct. 20). Other great rivalries, such as Ohio State-Michigan, Notre Dame-Southern Cal, Army-Navy and even Oklahoma-Nebraska, don't compare. No other game offers Friday night revelry to match that in downtown Dallas. Few other games are played in a neutral city 200 miles from either school's campus, with the seating allotments equally divided between the supporters of each school. The scalpers were getting $100 for an end-zone seat and $300 for a seat on the 50-yard line. One fan even offered his entire Willie Nelson record collection and a date with his wife for a ticket. Duffy Daugherty said it best several years ago, "People think this game is a matter of life and death, but after seeing it, I think it is much more important than that."

DICK CARROLL

Oklahoma City

IOWA FANS

Sir:

Re your account of the USC-Iowa game (FOOTBALL'S WEEK, Oct. 13), Iowa did play "a helluva game" against talent-laden USC. USC Coach John McKay's comment concerning Iowa's "lousy fans," however, was not only inaccurate but terribly unfair. Despite the unfortunate actions of a few individuals, we submit that Iowa fans are the best in the country. Crowds of 57,200, 52,780, 54,600 and 59,160 were on hand for each of the first four Hawkeye home games this year. Last year Iowa ranked 21st nationally in attendance, averaging 48,683 per game. Yet Iowa has won only eight of its last 51 games and has just ended a nine-game losing streak. It is easy to be a fan of a winning football program; it takes dedication and character to be an Iowa fan.

DICK EISENLAUER
BOB FEVER
DAN SCHMIDT

Bettendorf, Iowa

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY

Sir:

In this day and age of sport, when so many people are concerned with the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat, it was refreshing to read that ". . . play is as worthy an experience as love or beauty" (*Imagine Going to School to Learn to Play*, Oct. 13). Bil Gilbert's article paid tribute to a unique individual. We need more Bill Harpers—and more articles like this one to let other people know about them.

ALAN FREEDMAN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Bill Harper should be commended for his innovative techniques. Play is an important part of American life and should be valued more highly.

PETE MARCZAK

Bloomington, Ind.

continued

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, N.Y., N.Y.



There's nobody else like them.

You know how important their future is. That's why you probably have some life insurance already.

But what kind? How much? And is it enough to take care of your wife and children if you die?

These are the kinds of questions you should be asking yourself. And asking an Equitable Agent.

He or she can help . . . is trained to help. To think of you as an individual. With individual insurance needs. Different from anybody else's.

At The Equitable, we give you the security of an Equitable policy. But, we also give you something else that's important.

The attention of an Equitable Agent.

THE EQUITABLE

There's nobody else like you.

With Thrifty you pay for the car. Not the airport.

We're off the airport. Not on it. So when you rent from Thrifty, you don't have to help pay for someone's airport concession fees.

That way, our rates are considerably lower.

Give Miss Thrifty a call next time you need a car, and choose from a full range of new Chevrolets or other fine cars.



For out of town reservations or information see your travel agent or call 800-331-4200* toll-free.

For local service call the Thrifty office in your city. And wherever you are ask about our Special Account Plan for maximum savings.



THRIFTY RENT-A-CAR

800-331-4200

*from Oklahoma at [illegible]

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

Box 0239 Lynchburg Tenn [illegible]



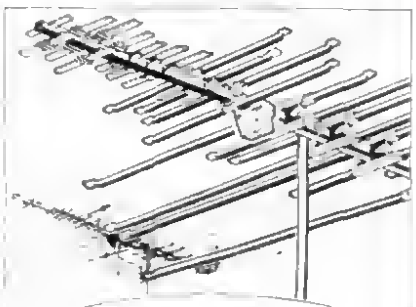
Old-time Riverboat Playing Cards

Both of the decks are [illegible] and so is the antique box they come in. It is a bit larger and the key than those used on riverboats in the 1870s. There's a black and a green deck, both with an antique gold distillery design. The face cards are reproduced from 100 year old artwork. So if you're a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case $7.50. Single deck (specify blk or green) $2.75. Postage included.

Send check, money order, American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge including all numbers and signature.

Tennessee residents add 5% tax.

For a free catalog of Tennessee items write address above.



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

HOW GOOD YOUR COLOR TV CAN BE UNTIL YOU INSTALL A WINEGARD ANTENNA!

[illegible] antenna

[illegible] about TV

Dept. S



WINEGARD TELEVISION SYSTEMS

3000 Kirkwood • Burlington, Iowa 52601

TV ANTENNAS MORE PEOPLE LOOK UP TO

Sir:

In Bil Gilbert's extraordinarily interesting essay he writes that Bill Harper had difficulty defining play. I suggest "Activity for pleasure."

ROBERT MORRIS

New York City

HONOLULU ANSWERED

Sir:

Sports departments at two of the three daily newspapers in Philadelphia are open at 3 a.m. on weekdays (SCORECARD, Oct. 13) or else I've been working in my sleep for the last 3½ years as assistant sports editor of the *Daily News*. What often prevents callers from getting through during those hours is their unawareness of the Centrex direct-dialing number. Sometimes it's tougher to get those phone numbers than it is to answer a question to settle a bet.

MICHAEL SISAK

Ambler, Pa.

Sir:

Concerning your statement about Hawaii being a latecomer to organized sport in the U.S., it may be of interest to note that athletics occupied a prominent role in the ancient Hawaiian culture. Once sailing ships began crisscrossing the Pacific, Hawaiians eagerly adopted the newest game from the latest passenger. Consequently, Western sports caught on in Hawaii almost as soon as they were introduced on the Mainland.

Alexander Joy Cartwright, one of baseball's originators and later a Honolulu businessman and fire chief, introduced baseball to Hawaii soon after his arrival on Aug. 28, 1849. There was a regularly organized baseball league in the Hawaiian kingdom before the sport had been introduced to half of the continental U.S. Mark Twain later commented on the attraction baseball held in the Islands.

Honolulu high schools competed in football in 1880 and in basketball in 1898 (seven years after James Naismith invented the game). There are accounts of tennis tournaments and *interscholastic track meets* as early as 1882. Polo began in the Islands in 1886, shortly after its introduction on the Mainland. Swimming has been a way of life in the Islands from earliest antiquity, and Hawaii received world recognition from Duke Kahanamoku's aquatic feats in the 1912, 1920 and 1924 Olympics.

DAVID KITTELSON

Hawaiian Curator

University of Hawaii at Manoa

Honolulu

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.


Salem
People ask me if I really enjoy smoking.
I sure do. And Salem Longs are why. They give me all the good cigarette taste I'm smoking for. Plus Salem's fresh menthol. And they're longer, too.
That's why I enjoy smoking. That's why I smoke Salem Longs.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

JOE AND JOHNNY GONZALES

HOME: Los Angeles, California

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: They created an art studio and gallery which gives training and exposure to hundreds of Chicano artists from the East Los Angeles barrio. The gallery's shows have been seen worldwide.

QUOTE: "Today's Chicano is awakening to the realization that he is a person with a strong cultural heritage. Slowly he is communicating this to others and strengthening his sense of values . . . Our challenge is to attain for Chicano people a brighter tomorrow which is the realization of our dreams."

PROFILE: Their ambition is to transform their community, a job they've started with the gallery and numerous murals around the barrio. Their enthusiasm has made them a real force in East Los Angeles in just a few years.

SCOTCH: Dewars "White Label."®



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.